1852.

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have been built by contract, expressly for Gov...
; every care has been taken in their construc...
ngines, to insure strength and speed; and thir...
as for passengers are unequaled for elegance and
...ge from New York to Liverpool, in first cabin
use of extra size state rooms, $500; in second
...n Liverpool to New York, $200 and $200.
...ed surgeon attached to each ship.
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...w York. From Liverpool.
April 17, Wednesday, - - April 21,
May 1, Wednesday, - - May 5,
May 15, Wednesday, - - May 19,
May 29, Wednesday, - - June 2,
June 12, Wednesday, - - June 16,
June 26, Wednesday, - - June 30,
July 10, Wednesday, - - July 14,
July 24, Wednesday, - - July 28,
August 7, Wednesday, - - August 11,
August 21, Wednesday, - - August 25,
September 4, Wednesday, - - September 8,
September 18, Wednesday, - - September 22,
October 2, Wednesday, - - October 6,
October 16, Wednesday, - - October 20,
October 30, Wednesday, - - November 3,
November 13, Wednesday, - - November 17,
November 27, Wednesday, - - December 1,
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...ing are signed therefor, and the value thereo...
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CHURCH BELLS!
FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE B...
...constantly on hand, and Peals or Chimes of Bells
...ber) cast to order. Improved cast-iron Yoke
...e arms, are attached to these Bells, so that the
...ted to ring easily and properly, and springs also
...t the clapper from resting on the Bell, thereby
...s sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke,
...Bolts,) furnished if desired.
...nce of thirty years in this business by their hig
...ed him to ascertain the best form for Bells, the
...of metals and degree of heat requisite for secu
...the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious
...improvements, together with his very extensive
...patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who
...p in the business, and who will use every endeav
...e reputation which the establishment has hel
...d, both in this and foreign countries; the Be
...ave repeatedly received the highest awards of the
...Agricultural Society and American Institute; a
...e completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells fo
...s of the Union and Canada.
ATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufa...
...subscribers, of which they will have constantly
...assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Su...
...asses (plain, nonious and improved), &c. Also
...position Castings of any size cast to order.
...uestions promptly attended to.
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superior
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ill sell as low as any other house in the trade.
Consisting of almost every variety of
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Shirts, Collars, Cravats,
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the very best manner, and of good materials.
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...softening and beautifying the hair and skin, re...
...s, &c., and is worthy of a place on the toilet
...lady and gentleman. His perennial compound
...restores gray hair to its original color without
...are purely vegetable; and to satisfy the incre...
...prietor (P. M. McCRAKEN, 70 Bowery, New
...ddress by contract, at prices varying from $2 to
...res gray hair at $10 per head. For sale as above,
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...in Troy, by E. W. STODDARD, 304 Congress

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...E ABOVE AMOUNT, CASH, TO ANY MAN
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...aid of only two horses, 100 bushels of wheat and
...e than I can with the—
Wrought-Iron Cylindrical Thresher and
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...be thoroughly threshed and cleaned, without
...ing Grain, and the straw delivered long enough in
...n chaff.
...ity failing in the contest will be expected to pay
...Dollars, cash, and forfeit machines. As to
...above terms, must be shown by direct corre...
...d not through the press, to insure my receiv...
...r sale the best RAILROAD POWER and LE...
...that has been invented.
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JOSEPH G. GILBERT,
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...sers, and artisans in general, can depend upon
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...Fulton-street, New York, have constantly for sale a large
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...ales (dormant and portable), Hearty Portable
...ls, for Foundries, Rolling Mills, Iron Houses,
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...ng known and extensively tested, and the uni...
...e felt in their accuracy and perfect adjustment
...y are now regarded as the standard, from which
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...Hosiery and Under-Garment Manufactory,
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...s and on liberal terms: One eight-stope,
...six stops, do.; one five stops, do. Also, one
...o, four stops, very low. Organs constantly
...r nearly so, from four to twelve stops, with
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...Eighth-street; near the Opera House.
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...s and Collection Plates; together with a
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# THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

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## THE INDEPENDENT.

CONDUCTED BY PASTORS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In addition to the proper editorial corps, Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr. (S.), Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D. (C.), Rev. Henry Ward Beecher (✱), and Mrs. Harriet E. Beecher Stowe (H. E. B. S.), are stated contributors.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

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Payment in *all cases* will be required in *advance*.

☞ Advertisements.—Seventy-five cents for 16 lines for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

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For the Independent.

### AID FOR THE NEEDLE-WOMEN!

For any man with a heart in him, there has been nothing a long time in New York misery so painful as the condition of the needle-women. If these had been lazy, or careless, or vicious, and had thus fallen into bitter poverty, it would not all be so pitiable. If we knew that they could make a bold stroke elsewhere for fortune, we might aid them in their need, but we should not be so sorry for them. But to know that a woman of nimble fingers and quick mind, skillful, hard-working, virtuous, like one whose home and work we recently described in this journal, must sew, scarcely stopping for her meals, from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, and this not with any hopes of laying up money, but merely for *life*,—gives quite a different impression. And when farther we find, that in a city like this, an intelligent, handy, working-girl can so lose employment and so utterly drop out of the knowledge of men as to be forced to pawn bonnet, and dress, and everything except virtue, for bread,—like the dress-maker of whose rescue by Mr. Pease we have spoken—we cannot but feel the tremendous ills and risks of this class. No one who knows anything of the New York sewing-women, will charge many of their misfortunes upon themselves. They work hard; they allow themselves little relaxation; they seldom have bad habits; they are often sincere and faithful Christian women;—in loneliness and weariness they ply the needle from early morning till late o' night, to earn the little sum which is to save them from something they dread more than death—dishonor.

The truth is, everything combines against this class. Society, in its present customs, opens very few means of livelihood to women. To those of the lower classes, only two employments are usually at hand—service and sewing. Many of these women are often delicate, or have seen better times, or know little of house-work, and prefer even the risks of needle-work to the surer support of the other. There is too among American girls, a prejudice against "going into service"—not always to be justified, yet quite natural, as many of our city domestics are treated. Needle-work, naturally, as that which all can do, is poorest paid. Those who are in it soon just support life each day on their earnings; and cannot easily leave their present place for the mere chance of another mode of livelihood. Each seamstress soon becomes more and more separated from others. Her old friends are gone, or in her increasing poverty she has lost sight of them. She has no time to make new friends. She must work and work for bread. Soon she is almost alone in the crowded city, and no one knows her sad life or cares for her save He who careth for the needy and the oppressed. In this way it is that those fearful and incredible cases of utter abandonment and destitution occur among the sewing women, of which Mr. Pease has had such experience. At this period she is almost at the mercy of business avarice; and one bad better be in the jaws of the shark for all hope of favor. The fierce tide of competition is sweeping on: Christian merchants are in it, and they *must* have their work done where they can get it cheapest. What do they think or care for the weak and lonely sewing woman; the only thing for them is, that she will sew the shirt for eight cents where another did for nine. If she "cannot live on that," they are sorry, but it is no concern of theirs—there are enough who can. They must live too; and to do it, they must undersell the slop-shops over the way! Then to add to her many cares, is the care of finding any suitable boarding place. Perhaps she can earn $2 a week, but there is no respectable house where she can board for less than $1.50, and even then the rooms are damp and dirty and unhealty, and there is all the extra expense of fuel and lights and washing beside. There are bad houses enough, where she can board comfortably and cheaply; and there are those always near to prompt her to try them. If she be a stranger, just landing on our shores or coming into the city for work, the difficulty is still greater. It need not be said, except to those ignorant of the city, that hundreds and hundreds of these women are ruined each year by these vile boarding houses. Scarcely an emigrant ship arrives, when their runners are not out to entrap the uncautious.

Another great difficulty pressing on this class is the wide separation in New York of the consumers and producers. There can be no city of the world, where there is such utter and complete ignorance in one class of another. Union Square knows as little of Chatham Square as Boston of Philadelphia. There are hundreds of ladies "up-town," who have work in abundance they would be glad to put out, but who can find no one to do it; while there are hundreds of women "down-town," starving from want of something to do. It is the most common complaint among New York ladies, that there are no dress makers. Gentlemen—families also—would gladly buy directly of the seamstresses, rather than of the shops, if they knew where to find them. The one class knows nothing of the other. The workers and those who have work are not in communication, and a third class comes in, who have every motive, without scarcely one usual restraint, for extortion and injustice.

That the evils of all this are tremendous needs hardly be said. It is not alone that in this Christian city, one large class, numbering by the thousands, are in such bitter and helpless poverty; it is not only that many of these women are the last survivors of refined and religious families; or that the most *could* be doing so much more for themselves and society, but—worse than all—their own sufferings are driving them on to ruin. Human virtue cannot often stand such a pressure of temptation. One hears with a sadness which quite forbids indignation, how many of the wretched women who poison society here, and whose short lives are such lives of bitterness, are of this class of sewing women.

We have not called up these facts merely to arouse sympathy. The time has come now for *practical aid*, and we would ask the most earnest attention of the public to the matter. Through the liberality of a generous merchant of Brooklyn, Charles Ely, Esq., Mr. Pease has been provided with a large, airy, healthful house, for the present sufficiently convenient to be used as a Lodging-House for needle women. It is situated in Broome-street, within a short walk of the business streets of the city, and is comparatively well placed for air and breeze. There are rooms inside for from 50 to 60 boarders—high, healthful rooms. Besides these, a room for sales-room, for a library and reading-room, for sewing-rooms, and a basement for dining and cooking, all very cheerful and pleasant. There are, besides, baths, good water arrangements, and all conveniences for health. Mr. Pease proposes to board these girls at $1.25 a week. The plan is, furthermore to have connected with the house an intelligence-office, so that those needing seamstresses, whether in the country or the city, will know at once where to find them. Work will be done by the women either in the house or in their own shops, as desired. If in the house, there will be an opportunity of exposing it for sale on the premises. A matron has already been provided; there will be daily religious services, and it is hoped soon, books and other means of improvement given for the reading-room. The whole will be controlled by exact regulations, and under the careful business supervision of Mr. Pease. It is expected, when once started, to pay its own way. But what is wanted now is, aid to begin it. For the furniture, thus far, Mr. Pease has only the fifteen dollars, recently sent to *The Independent*. The furnishing will be of a plain and inexpensive style: still, for this, money must be had. Every cent given here, will be well used. Will not our charitable community lend a hand to this?

Mr. Pease, it seems to us, has taken just the right course. A small institution of this kind will much better test the principle and gain the confidence of the public, than a new, large, costly "Model Lodging-House." It will be a nucleus for other and grander efforts; it will serve as the point of communication between the world and this distressed class; and will open Work and Hope and religious influences to them.

Mr. Pease has taken the House, and throws himself now on the generosity of the public to start him. That we have reason to put confidence in Mr. P.'s business management, is evident from his success with the Five Points "Home." This institution, though containing some thirty children, and not a few who are utterly broken down by vice, though its four or five hundred members each year are gathered from the very refuse of New York, pays of its $1250 *monthly* expenses, all but about $250. Whatever this new Lodging-House may return beyond its expenses, will be devoted to the above-mentioned "Home."

We need not more words for this. Let all who would do their part in God's world for the suffering and the unhappy, come forward and *help*.

C. L.

### FROM OUR DOWN-EAST CORRESPONDENT.

Bangor, Sept. 15, 1852.

Messrs. Editors:—In the account given in my last, of the anniversary of the Theological Seminary in this city, I omitted to state a personal fact, which was somewhat remarkable, namely, that Rev. John Sawyer, called in this region Father Sawyer, was present on the occasion, attended all the exercises, took his seat as a member of the Board of Trustees, and left at the close, to fulfill an appointment to preach twice on the Sabbath somewhere in the vicinity; all this when in less than a month from the time he attains to the age of 97. Thus far, for holding out physically, and especially intellectually, he decidedly goes before the late Dr. Nott, of Franklin, Conn. It is pleasant to see such power of lasting in a specimen of our frail nature—activity and usefulness, on to the border of a century. According to this, Dr. Beecher has twenty years more of pulpit service.

It was mentioned in a communication last spring, that an interesting revival of religion was in progress here: a portion of the fruits of that revival has recently been gathered in. About one hundred persons, mostly young, were received by profession, to the three Congregational churches of the city; the greatest number, forty-three, then came into the First church. There is evidence still of the Spirit's presence and gracious operation in the midst of us. This season of religious interest has encouraged and strengthened the effort which is now making for the erection of another church edifice.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of this building, was performed on the morning of the 9th inst., in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. It was the first service of the kind ever witnessed in the place. Prof. Shepard took the direction of the service, and, in connection with the principal address, laid the corner-stone. A very interesting and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Little of the First church. Prof. Pond followed in a very pleasant train of remarks, in the course of which he mentioned the fact, that the only surviving member of the First church in this city at its formation—Dea. Stephen S. Crosby, of Mass.,—was providentially present to participate in the exercises of the occasion.

The following historical statements were made in the principal address which was made previous to the laying of the stone. These facts were brought out as a part of the statement of reasons for engaging in this new enterprise:

"The First church in Bangor was organized Nov. 27, 1811, and on the same day Rev. Harvey Loomis was ordained pastor. The church at its formation consisted of but four members, one of whom remains in this day. Mr. Loomis continued to labor with uniform success, till Jan. 2, 1825. He prepared his message for that day; he went into his pulpit, but did not deliver it. In a moment he was not—for God took him. Rev. Swan L. Pomroy was installed pastor of the First church, Sept. 1825, and was removed in Oct. 1848, to be one of the secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. at Boston. Rev. George B. Little, the third and present pastor of the First church, was ordained Oct. 10, 1849.

"The first place used as a place of worship, was the court-house, in its very erection designed to accommodate both the law and the gospel.

"The first house of worship (exclusively such) was built and dedicated in 1823, and burned April 7, 1830; the present edifice was built in 1830; and the vestry, which was first used, dedicated Nov. 4, of that year. There the truth as it is in Jesus has been preached; prayer from offered; the Holy Spirit given, and souls have been born again; so that now that church, commencing some forty years ago, with four members, and having sent forth successively two colonies, at present numbers 394 in her communion. As we may conceive of her at present, gathered and sitting in Christ Jesus, venerable and honored on yonder eminence, we may say of her in a subordinate sense, what is said of the Jerusalem which is above, 'she is the mother of us all.'

"On the 5th, 1833, sixty-five persons, all from the First church, were organized into a Second church, under the name of the Hammond-street church; and on the 23d July, 1834, their present house of worship was appropriately dedicated, and Rev. John Maltby, the present pastor, was duly installed. The history of this church, though brief, has been uniformly prosperous. Of many may it be said, that they were born then; rising four hundred persons have been added by profession and by letter, since the beginning. The entire present number is two hundred and seventy-four.

"In the summer of 1846, it was found that the existing places of worship in our church connection were getting too strait; and after repeated consultations, and especially prayer to God for direction, it was in substance voted by each of the churches already named, that the time had come to take steps for the establishment of a third church; that the success which has attended past efforts, and the steady and prospective growth of the city, demanded the measure. The result of this action was, that on April 1st, 1847, nine individuals from the First church and three from the Hammond-street church, making twelve in all, were constituted a church of Christ, with appropriate rites, under the name of the Central Congregational church. To these original twelve, ninety-five have since been added. Thus we see, that the little number of 1811—the feeble, perhaps contemned four—has now grown into three bands, with an aggregate of rising 700 members. Standing where we do to-day, we may fitly exclaim: 'What has God wrought!' And have we not reason to take courage and go forward in the same Great Name, trusting that He who has blessed us in time past, will also bless in the time to come?"

In addition to the three Congregational, there are six other evangelical churches in the city proper, namely, two Calvinist-Baptist, two Methodist, one Episcopal, and one Free-will Baptist. There is also a Unitarian church, embracing much wealth—who are building a beautiful house in place of the one burned,—a Universalist church, and a Roman Catholic church.

Our state election has just taken place, the results of which you will learn before this can reach you. Never before was there a greater complexity and entanglement of issues in an election than in this. In this state of things some had fears for the Maine Law. There was but a feeble expectation that Hubbard would be re-elected by the people, because it was known that a large section of the Democratic vote would be thrown for Chandler, the Democratic anti-law candidate, and not a sufficient quantity of Whigs would leave their own ticket to make up the loss to Hubbard; so it has proved. Hubbard is defeated on account of the split in his own party—a split made for other reasons beside that of opposition to the Maine Law. Hubbard's defeat does not argue the unpopularity of that law. Had that been the sole issue, it is believed, he would have been elected by a great majority. His defeat furnishes no prospect of a repeal of the law. The legislature will show itself sound in that respect: the people are so. They ask only for an opportunity to show the fact by a direct unembarrassed vote.

It is now expected that Crosby, the Whig candidate, will be the next governor chosen by the legislature. The House send up to the Senate two of the four names of those who have the greatest number of popular votes, and the Senate make an election from these. As it is calculated that the Senate will be Whig, Crosby will be chosen. The Whigs have gained this advantage, partly by coalition and partly by taking advantage of the strong temperance sentiment. In this county we had a coalition, Whigs and Free-soilers joining in a strictly temperance ticket. The Democratic ticket, not standing well in regard to the Law, has been beaten, as it is supposed.

Kenduskeag.

For the Independent.

### THE LAITY.

The remarks of a correspondent of *The Independent*, some time ago, as to "What God expects *laymen* to do" are of great weight and importance, and can scarcely fail to incite them to every good work. But it seems to me God expects of laymen something more than external action; that He expects them to *think*, study and understand His Word, and that all the good works expected of them will not be done, if they have none other than an *implicit faith*.

Of the *pastors* it is expected more especially that they will investigate Divine Truth; read the Bible in the original languages; study its philology and ascertain the true meaning of what is written; "compare spiritual things with spiritual"; systematize the doctrines and duties taught in it, and present them to their people with such simplicity and plainness that all may perceive and understand Divine revelation and the duties which God requires of man.

The people, the congregation, the Church are not called upon to *preach* or to go into abstruse studies; and they are not "to open their mouths and swallow *whole*" all that their teachers declare to them. They are "to receive with meekness the engrafted word," reading and studying their Bibles, candidly attending to their pastors, and comparing what they say with the word which they so read and study. In this I think the Congregational order differs, not only from the Roman Catholic, but from some other orders of Christians. The hierarchy calls for *implicit faith*; it does not call for *intelligent, free* professors, but for such as will have implicit faith in the canons and the confession. The first *doubt*, almost the first *question*, as to the correctness of one of these, exposes to the charge of heresy. Not so with us. Our pastors must "reason out of the Scriptures," and if they do not *prove* their work they do not expect it will be *approved*. They expect their hearers will "search the Scriptures" for *themselves*, and interpret them for themselves, and that, when their reason is convinced, their consciences will be on the side of truth: and their reliance is that this "sword of the Spirit" will reach and affect the heart, through the understanding, and excite "a true and a living faith," and that they will be able to *give a reason* for their faith and their hope.

It is certainly the business of laymen to put their whole *mind* as well as their whole *heart* into the Bible. They may, in general, take the *results* of philological researches, for in these the learned generally agree; when it is otherwise they may well rely upon their own best discretion. So, as to exposition and argument;—they are to be received so far as they appear to the hearers to accord with the Word of God. We must not forget our Protestantism—that the Scriptures are the standards of our faith, and that every man interprets them for himself; nor our Congregationalism—that every man is to be tolerated in the interpretation which he believes to be right. "To his own master he standeth or falleth."

Then here is a most important duty for *laymen*—a constant study of the Holy Scriptures, a constant endeavor, with prayer, rightly to understand them, using all the helps and means within their power, and trying "all the spirits" and all the "winds of doctrine" by them, firmly settling his mind in the truth, and "keeping his heart with all diligence" to walk in it.

It is certainly possible that both the pastor and theology itself may be improved by laymen. The scenes of common life, in which the laity are concerned, the state and views of the common mind are, in great measure, unknown to the pastor; studiously kept out of his view. The pious, candid, intelligent layman may suggest useful *matter* as well as useful *manner* to the pastor. "The preacher being wise chose out acceptable words." The layman may make good suggestions as to this. It is a great mistake in a pastor to suppose the changing of a word which gives offense for one which does not, is a betrayal of his trust. It is the object of the advocate to obtain access to the mind of the jury, and his words are framed to attain the end proposed. Why should not the Christian advocate do so?

I shall venture one more suggestion. "All great *reforms*," says J. Q. Adams, "are always suggested and commenced by the common people." John Robinson's last exhortation to the Pilgrims was that "they should keep their minds open to receive any further truths which might break out from the Word of God," for the Reformers "knew not all things," had not discovered the whole. We live in an age of progress and improvement; and "reason is" that we should expect improvement and progress in the things of religion. May we not well look to the *laity* for aid in this progress. Our pastors are taught in the *schools*, which are necessarily *conservative*; they keep along in the same beaten track, and the scholar must not be wiser than the teacher; the teacher, too, is following the fathers. The *standing* of the pastor also is *endangered* the moment he enters upon the discussion of a received dogma, either to qualify or (I had almost said) to explain it. The cry of *heresy* is raised by the religious press, and he is "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains." *Progress will be made*; if not by laymen, it will be by the heretical sects. But laymen, besides the advantages which the clergy possess, can bring to their purpose the *philosophy* of *common* life, the knowledge of common and ordinary views in character and conduct, looking on the Scriptures, as men of the world, concerned in its business and versed in its maxims, and may therefore be able to make suggestions and inferences which the recluse is incapable of making. These are qualities often much abused, but the good layman, well versed in human lore and human *life*, may certainly bring to his aid a *particular* philosophy which is a fair handmaid to philosophy in general, and a *lay* heretic does not find his name in the journals.

There will be no improvement unless there be ample room for the mind to work in; and for want of this room, it is grievous to see how many powerful minds have come to a *stand-still*. Free discussion in this free country should be encouraged among strong and orthodox men. There is enough of it among *others*, and it is the more needful in *them*. Nothing is to be feared from it. Divine truth will come forth and become brighter, as it is more and more discussed. Let the wheat be sifted from the chaff, and when the true wheat appears, let us not reject it because we have not seen it before. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

A Layman.

For the Independent.

### WORKSHOP INTELLECT.

Messrs. Editors:—I have just read the article headed "Workshop Religion" in your paper of Sept. 2, and it seems to me that the writer betrays a very limited acquaintance with the mechanical portion of our population. If I understand the drift of his remarks, he supposes that the *division of labor*, that prevails to such an extent in the various mechanic arts, is unfavorable to the development and growth of intellect. I think him in error, both as to his philosophy and his facts.

He contrasts "the shoemaker who lugs homeward to his little hot room in a boarding-house, a great bundle of stock—all cut and bound and stitched—simply to put the work together as fast as he can," with the "jolly village Crispin," and much to the advantage of the latter. The "surroundings" of the former are "not suggestive." Those of the latter, it is admitted, *are* suggestive,—but of what? Why, of "patches," and "skate-straps," and "broken harnesses," and "pump-boxes"; very much the same routine, year in and year out. The writer does not seem to discriminate between mere mechanical ingenuity, and the general development and cultivation of intellect. The man, it is true, whose sole employment it is from day to day to cut leather by a pattern, or to put together what is already "cut out and bound and stitched," has little occasion for the exercise of mechanical tact. So far as his work is concerned, he may be a mere machine. But is it necessary to suppose that all his activity of mind is that of "fermentation" which "generates sourness"? Why may not the mind be occupied with themes of an elevating, expanding and ennobling character? Why may it not be employed in *inwardly digesting* the facts and principles gathered from books in moments of leisure? Surely it was not the ordinary "surroundings" of the "jolly village Crispin" that made Roger Sherman a statesman,—the man that "never said a foolish thing in his life."

But what are *facts* in the case? A few years since the writer spent about twenty months in the interesting though very laborious service of a "volume agent" of the American Tract Society, in the most intelligent portion of New England. He thus had a very favorable opportunity for forming a judgment as to where the greatest "activity of mind" was to be found. He was led to conclude, most decidedly, that it was found more in the mechanical than in the agricultural portion of the population, and particularly, where the division of labor was carried to the greatest extent. When he visited a town where the people were exclusively agricultural, he learned to anticipate a dull operation; but the reverse when he went to a manufacturing village. It was in such a village, where the shoe business, dealt out in its minutest portions, furnished the almost exclusive employment, that he disposed of some sixty or seventy copies of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, within the limits of one school district; and he will venture to *guess* that your own broad sheet finds many an interested reader among them. It was often at the close of a day spent amid the clatter of looms and spindles, that the temporary depository was crowded with greedy purchasers. The writer well recollects the interest he felt in two "factory girls," who rejoiced in the opportunity of furnishing themselves with a copy each of "Flavel's Fountain of Life." There may be nothing very "suggestive" in the business of watching a loom and mending threads; but it was among those thus employed that those gems of thought were generated that used to sparkle in the *Lowell Offering*.

Perhaps your correspondent has not directly asserted anything contrary to the views here expressed; but the drift of his remarks seems plainly to convey a different and injurious impression.

I will not trespass further upon your crowded columns; but I apprehend that many a mechanic, whose daily operations are of the simplest character, felt, while reading the remarks alluded to, that he could teach your correspondent more than a *thing or two*, if he would consent to submit to his teachings.

Theta, *of Northern Ohio.*

### REMARKS BY "B."

"Theta, of Northern Ohio," evidently does not understand B.'s "drift."

B. urges that the gospel ministry and other religious influences should assume a larger educational scope, and thus become truly a pathologic system after the example of Paul and of Christ himself. In order that this desirable change may take place, a study of symptoms is a first step. Moral deformity—sin—shows itself as frequently in defects, as in excrescences. He that would remedy such evil will need to understand grafting as well as pruning.

B. is satisfied that the growing irreligion of industrious men is usually the result of insufficient mental food. Their deformities are usually deficiencies, not excrescences. The remedy is to be found in a generous supply to all the healthful cravings of the workman's nature. Ministers do not usually allow their labors this scope, and as a consequence a great gulf of separation is daily widening between workmen and clergymen.

*Theta's* facts are interesting, yet B. does not perceive any antagonism between them and his own observations. The village workman is better off than the city or factory journeyman, more on account of his suggestive companions and associates, than of any peculiar excellence or suggestiveness in his mechanical toil. Yet if *Theta* can ever visit the little rooms of city workers and watch their toil, he will agree that there is some preference, even in the tasks themselves.

B. endeavored to indicate a tendency. *Theta* understands him to be merely delineating facts as they are, and quite neglects the drift of the inductions. *Theta's* facts are as good as B.'s and lead to the same inductions.

*Theta* is not alone in his pleasing reminiscences of the beauty, piety and intelligence of New England's daughters. But those noble women have given dignity to the factory, not the factory to them. There are some flowers so hardy that they will blossom on any soil in any climate. Nevertheless, shadows are falling athwart the beautiful picture of New England industry. B. shrinks from the ungallant task of depreciating the daughters of his native state. Rather would he join with *Theta* and admire the brilliants, than set himself to detecting imposition and paste. The *Lowell Offering* is dead. Is not this a symptom? Living, it was sustained by a select few, and ridiculed by thoughtless hundreds. Is not this a symptom? The parish churches at Lowell, and the details of pastoral work there, show most strikingly the widening gulf of which B. has spoken, between modern industry and existing religious ordinances and efforts. Even *Theta* must know that the Lowell of to-day, causes those who knew her best to regret the days by gone. Christian farmers, whose elder daughters 'worked in the mills,' are keeping the younger at home. "The mills are not what they were."

Work and wages alone will not keep a soul in good condition. The tendency of the modern workshop is to furnish nothing but work and wages.

B.'s suggestions, however, find their application chiefly to the workshops of the city. Cities are always in advance of rural districts in the development of social ills. The city or suburban workshops of 1852 exhibit two classes of mind. Specimens are met with daily by the writer.

1. The subdued, broken-down, uncomplaining operative, who works and that is all. His motiveness all gone; his activity, his manliness all gone. Broad farce at the theater, hideous yells and excitement at fires and firemen's fights, military shows, and Sunday excursions to drink beer, or worse—these stimulants alone reach this class of operatives. They rarely read, and when they do, caricature papers and yellow-covered novels are their literature. This class surely need peculiar preaching. *Theta* must accept B.'s testimony that there is such a class.

2. The nervous, acute, discontented worker. A man that reads the *Tribune* and writes for it now and then, on only one subject—Wages, Wages, Wages, or Rights of Labor, &c. All his musings while he works are upon the rights and the wrongs he endures. His heart is hardened against the clergy especially. His arguments are thin and sharp. Such men as these, unless the symmetry of their nature be preserved by some educational influence, are the stuff out of which social insurrection and revolution are made. Their disease is not stupidity; it's just the reverse. It's intense concentrated activity; acute inflammation, not dead paralysis.

These men are easily reached by preaching. They are noble men. They make noble Christians. But they need peculiar preaching. Tracts won't touch them. They can write shrewder tracts themselves. They need the earnestness of tremendous facts. They wrestle daily with facts. They grapple with palpable wrongs. Their indignation burns against the little men made big by money. Their sympathy is alive to the noble men crushed and kept down by position and social wrong. These *facts* stir them, and these alone. Preaching should endow them with other facts;—facts of immortality, of righteousness and glory; facts of nature and of art; facts of literature and of science. This hot inflammation cannot be quenched; it must be dispersed. Quench it and you quench the man. Distribute it over a proper range of topics, and you educate and enlarge the man, and, by God's grace, shall save a soul from death. B.

For the Independent.

### NATURE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The writer of the article on "Spiritual Manifestations," in *The Independent* of May 27th, calls on the scholar and the savant to "submit to be enlightened by the glorious gospel, and join the Christian in holding up the Word of God to the world's highest reverence and deepest love." I now invite him to the same duty; beseeching him for the few moments that I shall occupy his attention, to cut loose from traditional opinions, and open his heart, in simple love and faith, to the account the Bible gives us of the nature of spirits, and of our own future spiritual life: and should this account not be found to accord with the prevailing notions of the Christian Church, I submit whether the Church is not bound to modify its opinions, and conform them to the sacred record.

The Bible teaches that our spirits are hereafter to be clothed with a body; that our Lord Jesus Christ was the first fruits of the resurrection; that we are to be like him: and it gives us several particulars of the Savior's resurrectional body, some of which seem to have been recorded mainly to inform us of the nature of our own future tabernacle. Christ's body could not be confined by physical barriers: it passed out of the sepulcher while the stone was still at its mouth; it entered a room while the do

educated classes. The Tamul and Bangali languages have, especially, been formed and established in this manner. Missionaries have compiled more dictionaries and grammars of the tongues of India than any other class of men. We have Bengali grammars by Drs. Carey and Yates; Bengali dictionaries, large and small, by Dr. Carey and Mr. Pearson, with volumes of dialogues. We have a Hindu dictionary by Mr. Thompson of Delhi; a Hindu grammar and dictionary by Mr. Adam of Benares; a Bengali dictionary by Mr. Morton; an Uriga grammar and dictionary by Dr. Sutton; a Hindustan grammar by Dr. Yates; and Sanscrit grammars and dictionaries by Drs. Yates and Carey. We have Tamul grammars by Ziegenbalg and Rhenius; the Malayalim dictionary and grammar by Mr Bailey of Cottayam; a Gujurate grammar by Mr. Clarkson of Baroda; and a Singhalese grammar by Mr. Chater of Colombo. Of other languages we are unable to speak, but doubt not that many such efforts have been made in them likewise.

Their great work, however, in this direction, has been the translation of the Bible, a work which ranks first in importance among the agencies employed for India's conversion. Besides the numerous Serampore versions, including thirty translations of the whole, or parts of the Bible into Indian tongues—and which, however good for beginning, and however useful in powerfully directing attention to the greatness of the object, are acknowledged to be unfit for standard use—apart from the great products of these mighty minds, we have translations of the whole Bible into the following languages, carefully revised during the last twenty years. There are versions into Hindustan or Urdu, and Hindu; into Bengali and Uriga; into Tamul and Singhalese; into Canarese and Malayalim; into Mahrati and Gujurati. We have ten versions of the entire Bible—not first attempts by scholars at a distance, but the work of ripe years, by missionaries who were constantly in intercourse with the people for whom the versions were intended. The complete New Testament has been similarly revised, and published in five languages, viz.: in Assamese, by the American missionaries; in Teluga, with much of the Old Testament, at Vizagapatam; in Tuloura by the Mangalore missionaries; and in the ancient languages of India, the Sanscrit and Pali. Besides these again, we have a gospel or two published in four languages, spoken by the barbarous hill tribes; in Santal, Lepch, Khassia, and the Tankau of Koteghun. Translations have also been commenced in the Punjalu. Thus are the civilized Hindus and Mussulmans of all India and Ceylon enabled to read in their own tongues the wonderful words of God, clearly and intelligibly set forth. The value of such a book who shall declare? How many years of thoughtful labor are concentrated in this small library of Bibles! How many millions of immortal minds will draw from it the streams of instruction, which shall convince the sinner, make the Christian grow in grace, comfort the sad, rebuke the backslider, warn all of hell, point all to heaven. Had missionaries done nothing else but prepare these excellent versions, incalculable good would have been effected. Apart from all good to the natives, they have lightened the labors of their successors, and given them an immediate entrance to their work, for which the first missionaries long sighed. This is an effect of past missionary labor, which it will take a long time to develop fully. As an illustration, we quote a passage from the letter of a Ceylon missionary, on lately receiving Mr. Perceval's beautiful translation of the Tamul Bible:

"For several years all the Tamul Scriptures, which I obtained, were some half-a-dozen copies of the Serampore edition of the New Testament and one copy of the Tranquebar edition of the Old Testament by Fabricus, the printing of which was so bad as to be scarcely legible. What a pleasing contrast to that state of things does our present supply of Tamul Scriptures exhibit! Now we have the whole of the Old and New Testaments beautifully printed and bound in one volume. We have it also in parts of almost every form and size, suitable for distribution among the people, and for the use of our numerous schools."

The translation of the Bible constitutes but one portion of the results of missionary labor in the native languages. In all the languages above mentioned, missionaries have prepared a small library of Christian books to explain and enforce the truths which the Bible teaches. In each of the chief languages, they have prepared from twenty to fifty tracts, suitable for Hindus and Mussulmans, exposing the errors of their systems and urging the claims of the Bible upon their attention. A few books and tracts also have been similarly published for the instruction of native Christians. In almost all those languages we find translations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; *the Holy War*; *Doddridge's Rise and Progress*; and similar works. We have books on the evidences of Christianity; on the doctrines and duties of the Bible; exposures of Hindooism and Mohammedanism; and in Tamul, an exposure of the errors of Popery. There is also a goodly collection of vernacular school books, Instructors, Readers, books of the Bible history, and the like. Christian and Papist, Hindu and Mussulman, will find in every language of this land useful instruction in the Gospel of Christ; and the stores of knowledge thus opened are enlarging every year. A fresh impetus has been given to these efforts only recently, by the proceedings of the Calcutta Tract Society; the Madras Society has followed it up; and there is every probability of two very extensive Christian libraries being rapidly formed in the Tamul and Bengali languages, containing numerous standard works thoroughly adapted to the people who use them.

There is one circumstance, which greatly contributes to the production of these native works, and in connection with which Missionary Societies have not, perhaps, received that meed of praise which is their due; we refer to the establishment of mission presses. At the present time there are no less than *twenty-five* printing establishments in connection with missionary stations in India; and it is from the facilities they furnish for producing tracts and books, as well as from the liberal donations of the English and American Bible and Tract Societies, that missionaries have been able to publish so much for the instruction of this country. Not only directly, but indirectly, have they promoted the extension of information throughout India. This example, and that of their countrymen, engaged in the periodical press, have led the natives likewise to import presses for themselves; and at the present time, in the Presidencies of Bengal and Agra, there are no less than fifty-four presses belonging to natives, engaged in printing vernacular works or publishing newspapers and magazines. Of these, twenty-six are in Calcutta.

Missionary literature does not stop here. Indian missionaries have done much towards drawing the attention of the Christian world to the claims of Hindustan upon their sympathies and prayers. Many of our countrymen engaged in government employ have described its scenery, its productions, its history, its resources, and the social life of the Europeans, that reside within its borders. But to missionaries are we indebted for full accounts of the religious systems professed by its people; of their religious rites, their religious errors, and their social condition; of the character of their priesthood, their caste system, their debasing idolatry, the ignorance and vice which everywhere prevail, and the great difficulties in the way of the people's conversion. While but three or four such works describe the religious condition of China or of the South Sea islands, or South Africa, or the West indies, we can name at least thirty works written about India by missionaries, or containing the lives of missionaries who have died in the country. The works embody an immense amount of information respecting the natives of India, and fully illustrate the attempts which have been made to spread Christianity among them. Neither are these of an inferior kind, nor written by inferior men. They include works by the Serampore missionaries; by Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson of Bombay; the works of Messrs. Weitbrecht, Long, Wilkinson, Buyers, Leupolt and Smith, on missions in the Presidency of Bengal; those of Messrs. Beggs, Sutton and Noyes on Orissa; those of Messrs. Campbell, Hoale, Hardey and Smith on the missions of South India; and the admirable work of Mr. Arthur, published not long since. They include the memoirs of Carey, Schwartz and Rhenius, the "Sketches" of Mr. Fox, and the "Journals" of Henry Martyn. Shall we pause to describe the usefulness of these valuable contributions to the missionary literature of our missionary age?

Missionaries also maintain several English periodicals, descriptive of their work and its details. Of these, two monthly periodicals and one quarterly are published at Madras; two at Bombay; and four in Calcutta. These have been most useful in recording the difficulties and encouragements of Indian missionary life, in developing the experience of friends, and meeting the calumnies of opponents. Two of them have existed twenty years, and contain a vast accumulation of useful information.

In connection with this subject, we must in justice refer to the speeches and writings of Indian missionaries, when in Europe, and to the good they have done in placing before the Church the claims of missions in their proper light. Missionaries, when they return to their native country, even on account of sickness, do not eat the bread of idleness. It is a well known fact that they are extensively engaged in traveling among the churches, imparting information, making appeals, fostering the missionary spirit, and as eye-witnesses relating its results. To such journeys the churches owe a great deal of what they know concerning the heathen world. Many a Christian mother learns from a missionary's appeal to devote her sons to the good cause; and many a youth receives those impressions which end in his own consecration to the salvation of the heathen. All the churches are enlightened, and the zeal, the liberality, the prayerfulness, of all are called forth afresh. England, Scotland, Germany and America, have all benefited in this way by the reports of the men whom they themselves had sent to the eastern world.

Let these literary agencies and literary products of missionary labor in India be taken, in connection with other efforts, in other departments of their work, and it will at once appear that great things have been accomplished and great hindrances removed. Demands are now speedily met, and wants readily supplied. How differently situated therefore is missionary work now from what it was at the commencement of the present century. When a missionary lands for the first time in this country, he no longer finds himself in the destitute circumstances which awaited his first predecessors. There are books at his command to inform him of the country and the people, to whom he has come, to describe their superstitions, and show him how to meet them. He finds grammars, dictionaries and vocabularies, to aid him in studying the native languages. He finds, in many places, Hindu students in missionary institutions, able at once to receive his Christian instructions, though delivered in his own language. He finds native chapels erected wherein he may preach; and finds the people prepared in spirit to understand his message; he finds school-houses built, scholars gathered, and school-books, suited to his scholars, waiting for him; he finds Christian tracts and translations of the Bible ready for distribution. His theological nomenclature is already settled, and he has only to learn it as fast as he can. He finds small societies of Christians already gathered, in which his halting efforts in the vernacular may be commenced, and to which converts may be introduced. He finds that a vast amount of secular work, in building houses, churches and schools, has been completed; all the elements of an efficient agency have been prepared; an agency suited to the country in every way, in language and in thoughts, embodying the knowledge and experience of many men, who spent years of toil in acquiring them. The more this matter is studied, the more highly shall we value the past labors of Indian missionaries. If human agency must be employed; and if efficiency in the agency is conducive to the speedy attainment of the contemplated results; then it must be allowed that, in their literary and other labors, apart from actual conversions, missionaries have already completed much toward the object of their efforts, the regeneration of Hindustan. "Other men have labored, and we are entering into their labors." We are sent to reap; let us remember those that sowed.


# The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 23.

NOTICE.—*All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of the Independent, and all communications for the paper, to the Editors.* By observing the above notice, correspondents will save much inconvenience at the office.


## THE CONGREGATIONAL CONVENTION AT ALBANY, N. Y., OCT. 5, 1852.

The Proprietors of *The Independent* have chartered, for this occasion, cars of the Hudson River Railroad, at a discount from the regular fares, so that they are enabled to furnish tickets to Albany, for clergymen and delegates to the Convention, at half the usual rates, viz; $1 50, to go and return.

Tickets to be procured only at the office of *The Independent*, 24 Beekman-street, New York.

Religious and other papers are respectfully requested to copy the above.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
*Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.*

### ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEST.

We are glad to learn that arrangements are made also, by Rev. J. B. WALKER, of Ohio, now in this city, with the Directors of the Erie Railroad, by which persons coming to the Convention from the West will be brought and returned for one fare. The process will be to obtain tickets in the usual form coming over the road; then a certificate from the Clerk of the Convention of their attendance there, and that they came over the Erie road, will secure them a free passage back.

Also, those from the West who are now at the East, on obtaining a like certificate of their membership in the Convention, will be carried homeward over the Erie railroad for half the usual fare.

### ALBANY CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

It is encouraging to observe with how much interest the expected Convention of Congregationalists is regarded in the old Puritan metropolis. The following notice was published in the *Recorder* of Thursday last.

"Congregational ministers and laymen, who feel an interest in the subject of the Albany Convention, are invited to meet at the Old South Chapel in this city, on Friday next, at 3 P.M., to confer together respecting the measures to be recommended in that Convention."

We trust our Massachusetts brethren will not enter the Convention with a compact purpose to effect the separation of the New England churches from the American Home Missionary Society. The "Old South Chapel"—the windows of the study in the Old South parsonage (now demolished) looked out upon that very spot, where Benjamin B. Wisner, Matthias Bruen, and a few others, most of whom, if not all, are fallen asleep, there consulted and prayed over the plan of the American Home Missionary Society in the Autumn of 1825. From the beginning to this day, the churches of the old Bay State have nobly sustained that great institution notwithstanding their attachment to pure Congregationalism, and the efforts which have been made in the name of Congregationalism to divert them to some scheme of sectarian propagandism. We cannot doubt that, on this main point at least, the consultations of the brethren who may confer in the "Old South Chapel" on "the measures to be recommended in the Convention," will be safe. The few—for we are confident they cannot be many—who desire the withdrawal of Congregationalists from the American Home Missionary Society, will find that the more conference there is on that subject, the more plain will be the duty and the policy of sustaining that institution.

We will venture to suggest the question whether it might not be well to have a similar conference in this city—say at the study of the Broadway Tabernacle, in the afternoon and evening of Monday Oct 4, the day before the opening of the Albany Convention. Many brethren from Connecticut and other parts of New England will be passing through the city; and a few hours might be spent advantageously in consultation "respecting the measures to be recommended in the Convention."

### TO THOSE WHO ARE GOING TO THE CONVENTION.

1. It is urgently desired that all who propose to attend will give *early* notice to H. S. M'Call, Esq., Albany, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements appointed by the Church to see to the accommodation of the Convention.

2. Every church that can be represented should appoint a delegate, besides the pastor.

3. The meeting will be called to order at 4 P.M., on Tuesday, Oct. 5. The afternoon will be chiefly occupied in organizing, and there will be a sermon in the evening.

4. Tickets from New York, by the Hudson River Railroad, for $1.50, to go and return, can be procured only [illegible] at the office of *The Independent*, 24 Beekman-street.

5. The time of departure of the trains is as follows, from the corner of Chambers-street and College Place:

6 A.M., Express Train, in four hours.
8 A.M., Mail Train, about five hours.
1 P.M. and 4 P.M., Way Trains.
6 P.M., Express Train, in four hours.

The two morning trains are most desirable, and will accommodate those who arrive from the East by way of the Sound boats.

6. Above one hundred notices of attendance have already been given to the Committee at Albany—showing that the number is likely to be very large.

7. Those who have given notice, but find themselves unexpectedly prevented from attending, should give seasonable notice of that fact, to save the Committee of the Church from embarrassment.

8. The occasion promises great interest, and should call forth a general attendance.

## THE CALL FOR THE CONVENTION.

We republish, in our column of notices, the call for the Convention of Congregationalists at Albany on the 5th of October, as it was first issued by the Committee of the General Association of New York, in *The Independent* of July 8th.

The Call embraces all Congregational ministers who belong to the general fellowship of Congregationalists in this country, together with one delegate from each Congregational church of the same description.

Much interest is felt in many quarters, to have as general a representation as possible, of church members, as well as ministers.

The Convention will be called to order at 4 o'clock P.M., on Tuesday, and organise, after which the functions of the calling committee will cease.

## SEAMSTRESS'S LODGING HOUSE.

We would call attention to Mr. Brace's letter on the first page and to the humane enterprise which it describes. Money for the object can be left either at this office, 24 Beekman-street, or with Mr. Charles Ely, 104 Broadway, or can be sent to Rev. L. M. Pease, Five Points Mission.

DR. CONVERSE will be heard, and disposed of next week. The length to which our debate with his Old School neighbor has been unexpectedly extended, requires us to postpone what we had prepared for him.

## WESTMINSTER CONFESSION MUTILATED.

It has seemed good to the *Presbyterian* to bestow a column of censure on our remarks respecting the Westminster Confession "whole and entire." Yet for some reason which it is not our business to explain, our erudite and orthodox brother raises a question of his own, and expends the main force of his argumentation on an issue with which we have no concern. See the construction which he puts upon our remarks.

"*The Independent*, with a particular reference to our journal, holds up to contempt what we have ever regarded as one of the commonest principles of honesty. The Presbyterian Church of Ireland, after a sad experience of the evils resulting from loose views of subscription, now enjoins an honest, full, and *ex animo* reception of its standards from all who enter her ministry, and a similar declaration of faith from her theological professors. * * * Hence, it was befitting *The Independent*, which is the true type of a progressive theology, as well as the index of the new views of obedience required of citizens in reference to the laws of the country, to protest against this revival of an exploded superstition. What right has the church, and what right has the state, to cramp the bursting energies of the soul, which, spurning the common places of ordinary men, is soaring in higher regions in search of hitherto unknown truths?"

On this representation we use our Christian and American liberty of speech, by remarking as follows.

1. We made no "reference" at all to the *Presbyterian* in the article now in question. The Old School Presbyterian journal to which we were indebted for the fact that suggested our article, is published not in Philadelphia but in this city.

2. The insinuation about "new views of obedience required of citizens in reference to the laws of the country," is unworthy of an honorable antagonist. Our brother at Philadelphia knows that in his heart he receives and holds the same views which we hold respecting the obedience due from "the citizen" to the law of the land. If we should stoop so low as to insinuate that he regards the law of the land as paramount to the known law of God, in what language would he express his resentment? There is a difference between us and him, in regard to a certain great question of the times; but he knows that it is not what he insinuates. He holds,—if we understand his position on that subject,—that the institution of slavery as it exists in certain states of our Union, with all the differences between that and the slavery which was recognized and limited by the Mosaic law, is warranted by the Bible; and that a law requiring citizens to co-operate in recapturing and restoring fugitives from even the worst horrors of that slavery, is not contrary to the higher law of God. We hold that the slavery which exists by the Southern laws is contrary to natural and immutable right, and contrary to the whole drift and aim of the Divine revelation both in the Old Testament and in the New; and therefore that the fugitive slave-law, so far as it demands the active co-operation of the citizen, is no more binding on an enlightened conscience than was that law by which Pharaoh commanded that the male children of the Hebrews should be slain at their birth.

3. We have not held up to contempt any "one of the commonest principles of honesty," as the *Presbyterian* charges us with doing. We hold, as strenuously as any Presbyterian can hold, that the man who subscribes to any prescribed formula of faith, without believing that what the formula affirms is true, commits a great sin against God and against his own soul. We hold further that the true meaning of any such prescribed formula, is not what the words will bear when construed in some "non-natural sense," but is that which corresponds with the *animus imponentis*, or, in plain English, the intent of whoever requires the subscription.

For the sake of a specific statement, we will refer to the formula in which candidates for office in the Presbyterian Church are required to make profession of their theological belief. The formula is simply an affirmative answer to this question: "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?" The first point for the candidate to consider is, What does this formula mean? What is the purport of this interrogatory as it is understood by those in whose behalf it is proposed to me? We will not undertake here to expound the interrogatory; for at present there is no occasion to say what its true meaning is. It is enough to say that every candidate to whom it is proposed must judge for himself—not whether he does sincerely receive and adopt that confession of faith as being in all points the exact and complete expression of his belief, but whether he does sincerely receive and adopt it "as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures." If he has any doubts as to the meaning of the formula, or if he is aware that the presbytery puts a different meaning upon it, he is bound in honor and conscience to submit those doubts or to explain that difference to the presbytery; and then it becomes the duty of the presbytery to judge whether the sense in which he can answer Yes, is such as meets and fulfills the *animus imponentis*. The presbytery, on their part, have no right to transcend the limits of the power committed to them by the constitution. As the candidate, if he has any peculiarities of opinion as to what is the doctrine taught in the Scriptures, must judge for himself, in the first instance, whether the system of doctrine which he finds in the Scriptures is really contained in the confession, and must judge under his responsibility to the presbytery; so they in their turn, after all due inquiry and explanation, must judge for themselves under their responsibility to the judicatories that are above them. As he has no right to put a "non-natural sense" upon it for the sake of making it more latitudinarian than it is; so they have no right to add to it, or to put a forced meaning upon it, for the sake of making it more stringent.

We are aware that there is—or was once—a difference between Old School and New School as to the meaning of this "receiving and adopting" formula, beside many differences as to the meaning of the confession to which it refers; but we have never learned that there has been any difference among men pretending to be honest as to whether the question "Do you sincerely receive" &c.—was to be answered with literal veracity.

This may suffice as a profession of our faith touching "one of the commonest principles of honesty." Nothing in our former article is inconsistent with what we have now said.

Our former article, entitled "Whole and Entire," is on a very different subject—a subject from which our brother of the *Presbyterian* seems willing to divert our attention and that of the public. The Irish Presbyterian Church it seems, like the Scotch, adopts and imposes the Westminster Confession, "whole and entire," just as it came from the Assembly of divines in the time of the Long Parliament. This is *not* done by the American Presbyterian Church, Old School or New School. From these two facts we derived two points of instruction, which we take leave to commend again distinctly to the attention of our friends at Philadelphia and of the public generally.

I. The Irish Presbyterian Church as a body, and every preacher and office-bearer in that church particularly, is definitely committed and pledged to the doctrine—nay! we will not be hindered from pronouncing it again the "*detestable*" doctrine—of persecution. Every professor, every pastor, every elder, every licensed preacher, in that church, is a perjured man, if he does not really believe that it is right for the civil magistrate every where, and in particular right for the sovereign power in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to pursue and punish Roman Catholics for their worship of the wafer, and Unitarians for their denial of Christ's godhead,—both these extremes being equally and palpably "contrary to the known principles of Christianity." Nay, taking the Westminster Confession, as they take it, "whole and entire," and holding, as they hold, that the system of government by church-sessions and classical and synodical assemblies is essential to "the external peace and order which Christ hath established in the church," how can they evade the conclusion that men like Dr. Brother King and Dr. Urwick of Dublin, and all other Irish Congregationalists, for holding and maintaining "such erroneous opinions and practices as in their own nature are destructive of" the Presbyterian system, "may lawfully be called to an account and proceeded against by the power of the civil magistrate." Our Philadelphia contemporary will please to take notice that the whole force of what we said and have now repeated on this point, depends on the principle of common honesty which he charges us with holding up to contempt.

II. The American Presbyterian Church, Old School and New School, has given its adhesion, in a most unquestionable form, to the doctrine that there may be improvements upon the theology of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. The American Presbyterian Church subscribes none but a mutilated and interpolated copy of the Westminster Confession. It has expunged from that venerable formulary one doctrine which, to the framers of the Confession, was exceedingly precious. It has done more. Not satisfied with silently expunging—as the Publishing Committee of the Tract Society prepare a book for wider circulation by wiping out here and there, an extra touch of Calvinism, or an allusion to infant baptism—it actually thrusts in a new and American doctrine at which the Westminster divines, with their reiterated swearings to the Solemn League and Covenant, would have held up their hands in horror.

We do not make this statement as a reproach to the Presbyterian Church in the United States. On the contrary, we honor that body not only for having committed itself, in its standards, to the doctrine of religious liberty, but also for having in this way justified the expectation of ROBINSON, the pastor of the Leyden Pilgrims, "that the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word."

The *Presbyterian* cannot deny the fact, but seems willing to evade it. See how that journal expresses itself—

"We believe that the doctrines of the Westminster Confession are suited to all ages; that, in its strictly theological features, it is not at all improvable, inasmuch as it is in consonance with the revealed and unalterable truth of God; * * * and that the attempt to modify its doctrines, to expunge them, or replace them by others, is proof of anything else than the superior wisdom of those who adventure the experiment."

Who is this that talks about the Westminster Confession, "in its *strictly theological features*?" In the same way he intimates that the doctrine which his church has expunged from the Westminster Confession, and that other and contrary doctrine which it has interpolated, relate to "subjects which are not *strictly within the limits of a theological scheme*." And furthermore he tells us that the man "who professes to embrace the Presbyterian standards while *materially* differing from them," comes into the Church with a lie in his mouth. Really, this seems very much like accepting a confession "*for substance of doctrine*." Is Saul also among the prophets? Is that "defender of the faith," the editor of the *Presbyterian*, growing latitudinarian on the question of exact and literal conformity to the standards?

We do not ask these questions in mere pleasantry, though we find it difficult to ask them without smiling. The *Presbyterian* represents that party which holds to the most stringent construction of the (receiving and adopting) formula. It rejects utterly the notion that the formula professes nothing more than that there is an agreement between the *system* taught in the Scriptures and the *system* set forth in the Confession. It holds that every Presbyterian minister and elder takes the American mutilated and interpolated copy of the Confession as the exact profession of his faith. What right then has this Old School Presbyterian to talk about the Confession "in its *strictly theological features*," or to imply that there are portions of it which "are not *strictly within the limits of a theological system*?" What right has he to imply that a man may adopt the standards, while repudiating in his heart this and that particular proposition in them, provided he cannot charge himself with "*materially* differing from them?" Did the framers of those standards intend to put into their confession anything which was not of "material importance"—anything which was not in their view "strictly theological"—anything which was not "in consonance with the revealed and unalterable truth of God?" Did not they append what they regarded as proofs of holy writ, to confirm that very doctrine of persecution which American Presbyterianism has expunged? And are not similar proof-texts appended to the interpolation which honors the American edition? What means then this talk as if some parts of the confession were no part of the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures? If we were to subscribe the Westminster Confession itself in either edition of it, as the full and exact confession of our faith, we should feel that we could not talk in this way without putting contempt upon "one of the commonest principles of honesty."

We have one word more. The fathers of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, took it upon themselves to revise and amend the Confession of Faith, which some of them, at least, had previously adopted in its original form. They expunged one doctrine, and interpolated another. Did they understand themselves as violating one of the commonest principles of honesty in doing this? Yet if in their previous adoption of it they had taken it whole and entire, and not merely as coincident with the Scriptures in its general "system of doctrine," they were guilty of dishonesty and virtual perjury in even proposing to amend it. Surely it cannot be of them that the *Presbyterian* speaks, and of their emendations of the Confession, when it says that "the attempt to modify its doctrines, to *expunge* them, or *replace* them by others, is proof of anything else than the superior wisdom of those who adventure the experiment."

## ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—PROF. STOWE'S INAUGURAL DISCOURSE.

The exercises at Commencement here have been deeply interesting, though the class graduating is not so large as sometimes the Seminary sends forth. If the advantages of its situation, natural and artificial, intuitive and acquired, for the discipline and development of a theological student, were known and appreciated, this School of the Prophets would be crowded. And, looking over its past history, what a prodigious influence and power it has already exercised in our world, not only at home, but through the works of its Professors, and through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by its missionary students and laborers, all over the globe! Rarely has one Institution, in the compass of forty years, accomplished so much. And how wonderfully has Divine Providence, in these latter days, linked masses of results, from causes still permanent, at first started in weakness, difficulty and trembling, but already vast, grand, and germinant for ages! The connection of the Andover Institution, the American Board, and the Regeneration of the Sandwich Islands, may be mentioned as an example. Looking back, it is almost startling to see the rapidity and power with which God acts in the run of a few years, though at first, and from year to year, the trains seemed started with prodigious difficulty and danger, and slowly toiling on. A pile of combustibles may be long in gathering, and reared with deliberate and unnoticeable advancement; but when it is fired, in a dark night, on a mountain side, the blaze is a mighty, startling, illuminating beacon.

The inauguration of Prof. Stowe in the Professorship of Biblical Literature, marks this year's Theological Commencement with unusual interest. Dr. Stowe's Inaugural Discourse was delivered in the Old South Parish Church, to a very large assembly, on the afternoon of Wednesday. It was humorous, sarcastic, learned, instructive, interesting. His subject was the Science of Sacred Interpretation, with the manner in which it ought to be pursued, and some of the lets and hindrances in the way, as well as the means of faithfulness and success. He considered, first of all, the Divine Origin and Inspiration of the Scriptures, as setting them apart and peculiar from all other books, all productions of the human mind merely, and rendering a peculiar spiritual intuition absolutely essential to the possibility of rightly interpreting them. An intuition, or interpreting sense, by the Spirit of God, must be conferred, an illumination by the Author of the Book, in the understanding and heart of the critic, or all his most profound acquaintance with the laws of language, and his stores of the vastest erudition, and his application of the keenest sagacity, and best instructed Common Sense, and his most universal and acknowledged attainments in philology, will avail him little, in some cases nothing at all. With the sharpest eyes of criticism, and the most subtle linguistic acuteness, and with a skill in exegesis, that, applied to any merely human volumes, would challenge the admiration of the world, he may fail, utterly, either to see himself, or to evolve to others, the meaning of the sacred writers. There must be a communion with the Divine mind of the Author, or the critic is unintelligent and blind. There must be an inward sense of Divine Truth, or the profoundest philological lecturer and commentator will not feel and acknowledge it; and what he himself neither sees nor knows nor believes, he cannot teach; nay, he cannot find a trace of it, even there, where God himself hath set it down, and where, to a spiritual mind, to a heart enlightened by the Spirit, it is as plain as the creation.

The Bible is a volume of some sixty different books, by forty different writers, extending over a space of some two thousand years, without the least intercommunion with one another, or combination of plan, or predetermination of agreement; all driving at particular ends under particular individual impulses; yet all uniting in the same result, all arriving at the same end, all found to have simultaneously wrought for the same plan, never running athwart each other, never contradicting one another's work. The same sentiments, feelings, predictions, applications and convergencies, historic and prophetic, are found in all; the same fittings together; so that, when all the parts are brought together out of a gradual creation of two thousand years, they are found to be one and the same whole, they develop one and the same system, such as could proceed only from one and the same mind. They demonstrate a Divine Authorship. If the bones of a mastodon were brought together from four quarters of the globe, making manifestly one and the same symmetrical skeleton, they would not more clearly demonstrate unity and individuality in an animal creation, they would not more irresistibly indicate the exercise of creative power. We throw out this last illustration, not as Prof. Stowe's, but for want of a remembrance of the language and imagery in which he conveyed these views. His argument of Divine Inspiration from internal evidence was exceedingly powerful, and admirably well stated.

Now such a book cannot be understood as other books are. The words in it may be traced and analyzed as other words are, and with nicest accuracy weighed and determined according to the laws of language; but that is not all, that is not enough. In vain will the mere philologian think to understand the Sacred Scriptures, without communion with the mind of their Author. If he does not receive them as from God, and has not some acquaintance and communion, by the Spirit, with the character and purposes of God, he cannot behold their Divine glory, nor see nor know their meaning. And what he does not see, he cannot interpret. The meaning will evade his touch, will elude his utmost critical analysis, may not even be suggested to his perception, much less chosen and acknowledged by his judgment. He may even draw forth and demonstrate, by his critical processes, *one* meaning, or by the laws of language, *the* meaning; and he may see no other; and yet the *true* meaning may be hidden from him, and may be denied and resisted by him, when suggested, and even demonstrated, by a mind spiritually enlightened.

A man can understand only those ideas of which he has some prototype in his own soul. Even with the uninspired productions of human genius merely, it is so. A man might take a poem like the Paradise Lost, and understand the meaning and grammatical position of every word, and be able to parse it accurately; or a poem like Young's Night Thoughts; and yet not receive, nor understand, nor be able to convey to others, the meaning of the poet. Much more must this be the case with the Volume of Divine Inspiration, in the hands of one who does not see, or will not acknowledge, God as the Author. A man may be the profoundest of philologians, and may translate the language according to the most perfect and established laws of hermeneutics, and yet mistake entirely, and remain utterly blind. If he denies or ignores the great fact of a Divine Inspiration, the Bible is for him a sealed book. He has indeed the letter, the body, the carcass, but he knows nothing of the Spirit.

These views were brought to bear by Prof. Stowe with great power of argument and keenness of satire, against the whole school of unbelieving German Philologians, Commentators, and Rationalistic Theologians. There is a critical sense and consciousness, of which these unbelieving, though acute and erudite minds, are wholly destitute, but which they must possess, or they must go astray, and are wholly unfit to interpret and teach the Scriptures. There is a spiritual consciousness which must judge and determine the right sense, even where, in passages capable of two senses, the language might be interpreted, either way, grammatically and lawfully. He adduced a very apposite and illustrative instance in the case of the German Commentator Paulus, interpreting Luke 10: 41, 42. The sensual, earthly, unbelieving mind of the Rationalist, in critical wisdom unveiling the fool, declares that when our Blessed Lord says to Martha "thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful," he means that she was anxious to have too many luxuries prepared for supper, but that one dish would be abundantly sufficient. The mind of the critic, seeing nothing but the kitchen, and the pots and kettles, in this conversation, is resolved to admit nothing else, and insists upon the truth of his interpretation by the laws of language. Nor can the most enlightened and believing critic defeat him by the mere laws of language, nor deny that the passage is really and literally capable of so debasing a sense. But the spiritual mind, the higher consciousness of the believer, as well as common sense, instantly decides the question, establishes the higher meaning, and sets down this degrading interpretation as a proof and impressive instance of a man blinded by unbelief, a man whose critical sagacity is distorted into sheer ignorance and error, and almost given over to delusion to believe a lie; a man of the profoundest erudition and philology, yet wholly incapable of interpreting the sacred Scriptures.

And if a man under the influence of such unbelief and blindness, prejudges what there ought to be in the sacred Scriptures, and determines for itself what system, and what only, it will find there, then everything will be seen through these distorting goggles, and nothing will be seen in its true light. If, for example, a man like Strauss predetermines that such a personage as Jesus Christ never really existed, but that the whole account of his life and character is a *myth* without foundation in reality, then all things will be tortured into acquiescence with that scheme, and not the most precise declarations and demonstrations of the sacred writer can make the man admit what it is plain the writer meant. Professor Stowe might have added the same in regard to those who are resolved *not* to find in the Bible the Divinity of Jesus Christ, as one with God in the beginning and forever; the most explicit and absolute declarations that can be framed in language would not bring such minds to the admission of the truth.

These critics, Professor Stowe remarked, may show great learning, and great ingenuity and art, but with all this, to the real meaning of the Scriptures they are blinder than bats. They may torture the Scriptures and belie them, as well as disbelieve them, but they cannot understand nor interpret them. The ideas of the Scriptures, Dr. Stowe said, were as exquisite singing birds, pouring forth their happy lying melody from among the green refreshing leaves and flowers, and darting from tree to tree, and soaring in the air, with gay and lovely plumage. Now your Rationalistic Critic raises his philological, exegetical rifle, cocks his eye along the barrel, and with a sudden sharp crack, kills and brings down the paradisaical creature. Then he springs upon it, seizes it, and having skinned it, stuffs the skin, or extends it on a dry stick, and holding it up to the world, exclaims, Behold the meaning of the Scriptures! Can anything be clearer? Is it not demonstrated? Have I not perfectly analyzed it? Analyzed! Plagued, distorted, murdered, rather; the analysis of unbelief and death!

Professor Stowe supposed that if Paul could listen to some of the theological disputes in regard to the meaning of his own writings, he would be as completely astonished and confounded, as if he had heard men arguing the question whether he journeyed from Jerusalem to Damascus by Steamboat or Railroad. So if a Hebrew of the age of David could appear among us, he would very probably be quite as much amazed at some of our modern expositions. The whole drift of the oration tended to impress strongly upon the mind the absolute necessity of a sincere and living piety for the understanding and interpretation of the Scriptures, and the hazard of adopting for our guides men without this requisite, let their accomplishments in philology be what they might. The logic of piety, the common sense of piety, the light which is life and the life which is light, the inspiration of faith, hope, love, the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind, are needed, and must be in exercise, or the most learned critical skill will avail little. We could wish that all young men, lovesmitten with the very titles of German books, or astounded at the din and solemn chaos of Teutonic Philosophies, and imagining every native theological or exegetical scholar and Professor as beneath notice, who cannot or will not overwhelm you with German references, could have listened to this valuable discourse. C.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### WALKS AND TALKS ABOUT ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH TOWNS.

A ride of three hours, from Manchester, by railroad, brought us to *York*—the seat of the second archbishopric of the realm—famous for its Minster and for its Roman antiquities. The midland country through which the railroad passes is generally level, though one catches occasional glimpses of hills and uplands to the west as the cars whirl rapidly along. On every side was apparent the highest cultivation;—the grain was waving for the sickle; the vegetable growths in their fresh green luxuriance invited the farmer to transmute his burdened acres into mines of gold; the long hedgerows intersecting each other at right angles, by their neat trim separated its various sections, like the raised cord or belt of a bright figured livery; and the clean, weedless garden aspect of the whole resembled Downing's pictures of rural culture and beauty spread out upon the ground in endless repetition and indefinite expanse.

Arrived at York, with a heroic determination to pedestrianize, I eschewed cabs and undertook on foot the circuit of the city. From the railway station up through a narrow winding street, crowded with sheep, horned cattle and most diminutive donkeys jogging along with their little carts of vegetables for the market, or of coals and wood done up in little sacks and bundles, over a bridge that crosses the Ouse, a narrow, deep and rapid stream which here divides the city, in its south-easterly course toward Hull and the Humber, along steep and sinuous ways which like Boston streets remind one of cowpaths stereotyped and paved, and leading nowhere, but cleanly withal and respectable, and with an air as cosy as it is substantial,—turning at last by a narrow paved courtway, you emerge into the presence of the Cathedral of York. Squat down upon a dead level, with all these surroundings of little old houses of stone or of discolored bricks, with their roofs of mouldy tiles and their crooked hunchy aspect, the Cathedral does not loom upon you with the magnificence that you had pictured, or that the artist had pictured to your fancy. Not till you have begun to pace it round, till you have surveyed it from this point and from that, till you have attempted to group its features into one picture and to combine the whole pile in one impression upon the retina, does the idea of vastness begin to possess your mind; but when once it enters there it grows with every step you take around and within the massive pile. You enter by the southern transept and looking upward to the height of its great arch, imagine Trinity Church set down bodily there, so as not to intercept the light or to obstruct the entrance; you pause before the elaborate marble screen of the choir where sculptured monarchs occupy their several shrines, you go forward to the north transept, and gaze up at the lancet windows, five or seven, the guide book will supply our lapsed memory—"the sisters"—each wrought by fair hands with separate Scripture figures in tapestry and then presented by the sister-matrons as copied into glass;—you turn about to pace the nave; you study its eight huge windows upon either side, each of different hues and a different pattern; you look in amazement upon the pillars that support its roof, each fifteen feet in girth by your own measurement, and two of twenty-seven feet circumference at the intersection of the transep

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of trees proffer a refreshing
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ter you have entered the
w and is completely hidden
ces and hills. An American
y how a man of taste could
a site, down in a dead flat
the castellated structure that
his name and his barony,—
site side of the river, easy of
slope commanding an ex-
nd where such a building
conspicuous ornament;—but
may only reveal the Ameri-
r. There is but one prospect
self, and that is a beautiful
f the Tweed from the rear
may not pause to enjoy this;
-nosed housekeeper, eager to



put you through in order to admit another party of shillings, first tells you as you linger at the window, that the *next* room is the dining-room, and then almost screeches in your ear, "The dining-room is *this way*, sir, *if you please*," and slams the door after you with a most resolute air. You first enter the armorial-hall, decked with the armor of all nations and all ages, and particularly with the arms and armorial devices of the chiefs of old Scottish clans; turning to the right you pass into the study, and look upon the desk, a huge writing-desk with side-drawers, whose lid opens and expands into a table, and the capacious leathern arm-chair in which *he* sat to write at that desk those wonderful, magical books; you see in a case the entire suit that last he wore; you pass on into the library that opens upon the rear of the building—a noble hall, with a magnificent array of costly works: from this you enter the drawing-room, whose walls are *hung* with pictures and where everything antique, unique or rare, was collected and *arranged* by Sir Walter's hand; you enter next the dining room, and from this pass out *again through* the armorial hall,—and in ten *minutes*, goaded on by the crusty housekeeper, you have seen all that remains of SIR WALTER SCOTT in the place that he idolized, and where he thought to rear his monument. No son succeeds to the name and title and possessions for which he toiled.

What interested me most was the collocation of rare and curious things in the drawing-room, and the method with which they were arranged. Rob Roy's gun, the pistols worn by Napoleon at Waterloo, thumb-screws, the lock of the old Tolbooth jail at Edinburgh, everything curious and *antique*, collected at an immense expense of time money, and there suspended on the wall by his own *hands*, in mathematical figures, or in original combinations for beautiful effect. This shows the genius and the passion of the man. All his romances, his poems, his histories, hang upon that wall in those unique memorials. Then, too, the ceilings of the several apartments are carved in oak in the style of castles, or chapels that his genius has commemorated. Pictures, too, of all sorts, from a caricature of Queen Elizabeth in enormous ruff dancing to a black fiddler, down to the stern, staid portrait of John Knox. There are also portraits of Fairfax and of Cromwell, who—the sharp voice of the housekeeper squeaks in your ear—were "some of Sir Walter's *characters* mentioned in some of his works."

You come away filled with somber meditations upon the real worth of human genius, and the emptiness of human ambition and pride. What is a name? Yes, indeed, what is a name—when here in Melrose over a little dingy shop you read the sign *Walter Scott*, Clothier, and yonder is *John Knox*, Baker, and in a neighboring village the sainted *Isabella Graham* is "licensed to sell Tea, Snuff and Tobacco."

A ride of three miles in the opposite direction from Melrose, brings you to Dryburgh Abbey—a much vaster ruin than that at Melrose, but in a far less perfect state of preservation. It is difficult for the eye to reconstruct the building from the fragments that remain; but you find here capacious wine-cellars, a huge dining-hall, and gloomy dungeons—all which tell their own story. The principal interest attaching to this ruin is, that in its most perfect section, Walter Scott by his own direction was interred. The road thither winds over graceful hills and presents a beauteous panorama. Roses and honeysuckles were in full bloom in the open air late in August. Peas and beans were abundant in the fields.

To reach the Abbey you cross the Tweed by ferry, and realize the poetic beauty of that narrow rushing river, which serving as the boundary of nations that should ever have been one, has often been reddened with fratricidal slaughter. As well might you fortify Byram river with castles, and make its banks the scene of border warfare between Connecticut and New York. But England and Scotland now are one; a railroad courses along the Tweed—and Scotch landlords are the worst border foes the Englishman is called to encounter, while the old clannish pride a and national stubbornness of Sawney melts into sweet complaisance at sight of British gold.

A two hours' ride by railroad brings you to Edinburgh. T.

P. S.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is having a large sale in Great Britain. An edition has been issued for 25 cents, and another is coming out in penny numbers, to be completed for 12½ cents. The demand for this in advance is very great, even in Ireland.

A writer in the *Times* uses up Rev. Mr. Moore, the famous dealer in benefices, by quoting Mr. Selby's remark, that worldly men expect to do some wicked things that they can't endure in ministers and women.

The *Times* speculates upon American politics, and regards the Free Soil movement as one which, though mixed up with all sorts of "radicalism," is founded upon principles of "abstract" right, and must shake parties, control elections, and—*dissolve the Union*. Happy they who are remote from the dread crash of such a catastrophe!—But I trespass upon interdicted topics.

## FROM OUR REGULAR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Sept. 2, 1852.

To the Editors of the Independent:

GENTLEMEN:—The situation of the correspondents of foreign newspapers and their free commentaries upon the reign of "Napoleon the Little," continues to annoy our French police; the gagging of the French press is not enough; a similar measure should be taken against the foreign press; but this is not quite so easy to accomplish. Among the English papers whose opinions are deemed heterodox by the political Pope of France, the *Morning Advertiser* (of London) holds an honorable place. In consequence of a recent article, its correspondent has been informed that the next offense would be immediately followed by his expulsion from the boundaries of our glorious republic. Should this happen, I hope that gentleman will take refuge in Brussels, the best place in the world,—better than Paris itself,—to know what is said and done in Paris.

I spoke to you, in my last letter, of the arrival of General Haynau in Paris. He seems to be pleased with our city; accompanied by the police, he goes about undisturbed; our theaters, public balls, &c., &c., have been honored with his presence. He has, however, cut the long mustaches which made him conspicuous; there was no need for him to disguise; the people who can bear a Louis Bonaparte can well bear a Haynau. The general was dining a few days ago at one of our great banker's, in company with several high officers of our army. In the evening one of these officers, in paying compliments to Haynau on his military talents, expressed the regret that nothing had been done to clear him of the accusation of having ordered the whipping of women. "It is an infamous slander," said Haynau; "on a certain occasion [which he related] an officer under my command was guilty of it, and I punished him severely." But this explanation does not hold good; it is an attempt to cover an infamy with a lie. Who has forgotten Mrs. Maderspach's letter, giving herself, through the newspapers, an account of the punishment she suffered by Haynau's order. As to the accusation of having coolly ordered the shooting of eighteen Hungarian prisoners, among whom were the generals of the Hungarian army, Haynau said: "They had been sentenced by the martial courts; *I had the power of saving their lives*, but my *conscience* (!) did not allow me to do so. An example was necessary, and I left justice to have its full course." What an apology! It does not wash, it makes larger and more shameful the bloody stain which will mark forever in history the name of the hangman of Hungary.

The political news continues to be scarce, and promises to be so until the great political corps, as they are called,—the Senate and Chamber,—meet again. Then we will have plenty of stories, not new, but renewed, to tell. If the readers of *The Independent* have on hand a history of Soy-louque, Emperor of Hayti, let them peruse it, and get, in that way, a pretty good idea of what is to take place among us, on a larger scale. The word of Charles-Quint to the electors, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, are also those of M. Bonaparte. Emperor,—or nothing. Meanwhile, and before he is made what he wants to be, let me tell you an anecdote, which I can warrant to be true, having it from an almost immediate source and most reliable. You must know first, that Louis Bonaparte, without being a believer in the Romish Church, or, in any sense of the word, a religious man, is a *superstitious man*. Nothing strange in the co-existence, in the same man, of all that is criminal with the most absurd of all superstitions; but here is what appears to me strange enough, —although perfectly true. Some time ago, a gentleman from Switzerland, a personal friend of Louis Bonaparte, who has lived with him for a long time, and who, now, still his friend, enters freely the Elysee, that gentleman was seeking for lodgings in the neighborhood of that presidential abode. Being admitted to visit a house to let, he perceived in one of the rooms a bust of Louis Bonaparte crowned with flowers. "I see," said he to the lady of the house, who was present, "you are fond of our President!" "Yes," she answered, "we love him—we love him dearly." "Then I suppose you are hoping to see him Emperor before long, are you not?" "Oh, for that, no!" said, with a strange accent, the daughter of the old lady; "he never will be an Emperor, for I have forbidden him it!" Mr. H. S., the gentleman above mentioned, thinking the young lady was deranged, did not continue the conversation, and soon after left the house. But the words he had heard, the strange manners of the two ladies, haunted his memory, and excited so much his curiosity, that he determined upon returning to see them again, and getting, if possible, some more information upon the subject of their talk. They received him politely, and upon his inquiries, and making known his friendship with Bonaparte, they gave, or rather the youngest of them gave him the following account. "At the time when Prince Louis Napoleon was prisoner in the fortress of Ham, we were living close by, in the town of St. Quentin. A certain day a friend of ours, Mr. Elie de Beaumont, was paying us a visit; and as he had some business with the prince prisoner, he invited us to accompany him to see the fortress. His offer being accepted, we started. I should tell you, before going further, that years ago a mesmerized person told me my fortune, and among other things, which I have found to be most true, said that once in my life *I should save a prince*. I had almost forgotten this extraordinary prediction, when, on our way to the fortress of Ham, I had a sudden revelation in my mind, a voice saying within me: 'the prince thou shalt deliver and save is Louis Napoleon; but he shall not become an Emperor; the day he makes himself Emperor, he will be assassinated.' We entered the prison; there a most irresistible desire of speaking to the prince took hold of me. I asked the permission of seeing him in private; it was granted to me. Alone with him, I related to him the prophecy made about me by the fortune-teller, and my recent revelation about him, and taking from my bosom a miraculous medal of the Virgin Mary, I gave it to him, assuring him that by that medal he would be delivered. The Prince listened to me with great earnestness, said he believed in both the prophecy and the vision, and trusted in the medal, which he would always wear upon his person. Five months after Louis Bonaparte had succeeded in escaping from his prison. We have not seen him until lately, added the lady, when we reminded him of the prophecy; we have watched his course with deep interest; and as we love him and know the danger of his becoming an Emperor, we go, every morning, according to a vow we have made, to the church and pray the Virgin Mary, through whose power he escaped prison and became president, that he may be prevented from attaining an honor which would be his death."

Having listened to that strange story, Mr. H. S., more and more struck with it, went to Mr. Elie de Beaumont, who lives now on the most intimate terms with Louis Bonaparte, and inquired about its truth. Mr. de Beaumont completed the information with the following details. "All that has been said by Mesdames X. is true. As soon as Louis Bonaparte was installed president, he tried to discover them, and, through me, succeeded. Miss X. was then called to the Elysee, and when Louis Bonaparte saw her, he drew from his bosom the medal of the Virgin she gave him at Ham, and showed it to her; she repeated to him the prophecy she had made, and if Louis B. is not yet Emperor, *it is owing to the fear he feels of its fulfillment.*"

Here ends the story. I repeat it, it is most true, so far as facts are concerned. As to the miraculous of the tale, it is another business. Suffice it to say, that Louis Bonaparte is positively said to believe in it. As to myself, I believe he does. Now, you will say, then he will not "make himself" an emperor. Well, perhaps not.—but perhaps he will try to escape the threat of the prophecy by "being made" an Emperor by the vote of the Senate and the confirmation of the people. You know prophecies are obscure things, and can bear several interpretations. Will the one above mentioned be fulfilled? Why not? That he will be crowned before long, is beyond doubt,—and that there may be found some reckless man—like himself—fearing not God nor men,—to shoot him the day of his coronation, would not at all astonish

Yours, FRANC PARLEUR.

For the Independent.

## THE CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

KNOX COLLEGE, ILL., Sept. 10, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I hope it is not too late for me to suggest through the columns of *The Independent* to those who shall attend the Convention at Albany (Oct. 5), that what seems to me the question most difficult of solution, growing out of the call for the above meeting, is one on which nothing or but very little has been said by your correspondents. It is the question,—"*How the meeting shall be made a present means of grace and sanctification to those who shall attend it?*"

I remember a remark of Dr. Stowe while Professor in Lane Seminary, that he almost always found ecclesiastical meetings an occasion of personal backsliding; and such I must confess has often been my own experience. Whatever brings masses of men together, if it does not make them better, corrupts them. The temptations to personal ambition, the sin of Diotrephes; the luxuries of the table provided by a kind but, in its excess, a mistaken hospitality; the irritation of denominational interests; and our proneness to forget that the directions of Christ given to individual Christians, are binding on bodies of Christians toward each other—these, with our liability to mistake the fervor inspired by a crowd for the influences of the Holy Spirit, often make ecclesiastical and even missionary meetings at the present day, seasons of general pointless enthusiasm, tending to no useful result as to substantial personal piety of character in the persons who attend them.

Every faithful pastor knows that mere business, though it pertains to church matters, and though conducted with unanimity and enthusiasm, does not necessarily sanctify his people. We are sanctified by whatever brings us, by a perception and repentance of our spiritual deficiencies, to a clearer, closer, happier dependence on Christ, and "*walk with God*"; and I do not believe that any public gathering of the children of God ever resulted in the *personal growth in grace* of those meeting unless they were in some way brought to seek the presence of Christ as their "*sanctification*" in earnest, believing prayer. And the meeting which seemed to me most perfectly to reach unto and realize communion with Christ in his assembled children, was a meeting of the Synod of Indiana (N. S.) in Rev. H. W. Beecher's church, Indianapolis, while Rev. John M. Dickey was yet alive.

Of course the Albany Convention cannot be expected to do what that Convention did, viz.: set apart a season for personal and ministerial relation of experience; but if that simple, old and yet ever new truth that Jesus Christ is himself present by the Holy Spirit, where His disciples meet in his name; and that each Christian who does not discern and realize His presence in his own personal experience, is in a sinful and guilty state, could be acted upon by each of us, we should find to our joy that Christ is present in a meeting of his disciples *then*, and then only, when he is present to the individuals who compose it.

And if grieved away, it requires no prophet to foretell the consequences of Christ's absence from the sittings of the Convention. There is no unity for Christ's disciples but in Christ. And that union of sentiment which is produced by the machinery, whether of occasional or of permanent religious bodies, is as poor a substitute for the "*unity of the Spirit*" as freezing together is for fusion when the object sought is a blending of metallic substances into one. Each Christian whether attending the Convention or not, who shall pray for and receive the Spirit of God in its behalf, will go far to secure for it holy and happy results.

As to the practical matters to come before the Convention, I have read with great interest whatever has been given by *The Independent*, particularly the letters of your "Iowa Correspondent"; and without indorsing or criticizing what he has said, I wish pleasantly to suggest to brother "J. C. H." that if he is to be the 'centripetal force' to keep us his western brethren from 'flying off' from New England (and I hope he will), I must desire him to take especial pains to make it certain that in tending toward New England principle and practice, we may at the same time, and with equal velocity, be tending towards "*the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.*"

Yours, in Christ, J. B.

## MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

We are assured from the office of the Board that "a copy of the *Abstract* was mailed for *The Independent* at the same time with some twenty other copies for different papers, so the fault is not at the Mission House" that we have not received it.

We find a few matters of business which were omitted by our reporters, which we propose to supply from other papers.

Dr. Anderson's report on the statistics of benevolent contributions will be referred to hereafter. His conclusion was, that taking any ten years together, the Board must average an increase of about ten missionaries a year. It is a remarkable fact, that taking the last sixteen years together, the aggregate amount of funds given for foreign and domestic missions in this country, does not differ more than four thousand dollars. This shows how easy it is to mistake in our comparisons between Home and Foreign Missions.

Dr. Hopkins from the Committee to whom was assigned the nomination of new members, and of the officers of the Board, reported the following new members:—

Walter S. Griffith, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Isaac Wyckoff, D.D., Albany, N. Y.; Hon. Wm. T. Allen, Oswego, N. Y.; Wm. Ropes, Esq., Boston; Rev. George W. Wood, late of the Armenian Mission; Rev. Abel McEwen, D.D., New London; Gen. Wm. Williams, Norwich, Ct.

Rev. George W. Wood was appointed to the office of Corresponding Secretary, for New York. The other officers elected, were the same as last year. There will be universal satisfaction in the appointment of the new Secretary for New York, and at the happy adjustment of a somewhat perplexing question. We trust that the expectations which have been held out, of a very large increase of contributions in consequence, will be fully realized.

MEETING ON FRIDAY MORNING.

The principal incidents of the Friday morning meeting was the farewell of the several missionaries who are expecting soon to return to their several fields of labor—Messrs. Goodell, Byington, Bridgeman, Scudder, Marsh, Hotchkin, Willey and Castle—the two first named addressed the meeting in behalf of the rest. We copy a sketch of Mr. Goodell's speech from the *New York Evangelist*:—

Rev. Mr. GOODELL first addressed the Board. The Board is a very different thing from what it used to be. He could recollect when the income of the Board was less than one thousand dollars; when only four missionaries had been sent out; when all the officers and friends that came to its annual meeting could be handsomely accommodated in a gentleman's parlor. Now it requires a city to entertain them, and the resources of the Board are estimated by hundreds of thousands, and its missionaries encircle the globe. This is the Lord's doings, and is wonderful in our sight.

He had found a state of feeling, on coming back after thirty years' absence, corresponding to this outward change. He could not express his delight at the evidence of good feeling and Christian interest in the missionary work which he found. All respect and kindness were open to him. He was made, in the best sense of the word, proprietor of all the property of the church. If he saw a parlor anywhere, it was virtually his to enter and enjoy; the children of the church were his children; the fathers and mothers of the church were his parents. The family of Christians were his too—not only in the sense of the poet, that he enjoyed them all—but they contributed all he wanted. The shops and stores and warehouses of the land, too, were all laid open to his wants. Indeed, he had become a great landlord, with tenants in every city, and on every broad farm, all anxious to pay him their rent, and show him respect. Surely he had verified the promise, that whosoever will leave father or mother, or houses or lands, for the Gospel's sake, shall find, in this present time, an hundred fold of houses and lands. It was his faith in the verity of this promise that made him so willing to appropriate all these farms and houses and children to himself so unceremoniously.

These are among the rewards of the missionary. Yet they are not all. The delight of meeting hearts devoted to the missionary cause—of meeting mothers who had given up their daughters to the heathen, was another of the peculiar joys of the missionary, with which no stranger could intermeddle. He had lately visited the mother of Harriet Newell, a venerable mother in Israel, over fourscore years old—happy, sustained, and blessing God with all her heart, that she had given up her daughter to the heathen. And well she may! Where is the woman or the queen, that might not be proud to be the mother of Harriet Newell! He had seen a father who had six sons consecrated to the missionary work. They were still in the course of training and preparation, and years would elapse before they would all be ready. But meanwhile, he had offered to support anybody's else sons, who would go as missionaries, till his own were ready. Was he not a happy man? He saw another man, who came a hundred and fifty miles to see him—one of his tenants he supposed—to bid a son found ready to lay upon the altar. These facts occurring all around, and revealing the depth of missionary spirit that exists, filled him with a joy that none but a missionary can feel or understand. O it is a blessed life to live—a blessed work to do. it is hard, but no matter; it is the path of peace. There was a missionary, the successor of the most successful missionary he had ever heard of, who was sent upon an important embassy. He doubted the blessedness of the missionary life; and anxious to obtain a place to preach nearer home, he rebelled against the call to the heathen altogether. He resigned, and resolved to go elsewhere. But he was soon cured of his skepticism. His name was Jonah: poor Jonah, he found at last, that preaching to the Ninevites was far more profitable than a pulpit nearer home.

Mr. Goodell continued in an animated strain to eulogize the missionary work, and to assure those who heard him, of the certainty and fullness of its reward. And now, said he, I am expected to say farewell. I have no idea of saying such a word. My salutation to you, is rather, Live forever! This is the Christian's privilege. Farewells belong to this world—hope unites the Christian to his friends so firmly, that he can hardly be said to separate from them. Live forever: we are commanded to have eternal life. He went back in no desponding mood. He was a rich and happy man. The income of his farms was abundantly sufficient for his wants. He often had a new coat sent to him before the old one was worn out. The contents of his warehouses were enough for him; he had all that heart could wish. Why then say farewell! He left his blessings upon his tenants. Be faithful to your trusts; only let not the resources of my farms be diverted from their proper channel, and you need not be told.

After another pathetic address from Mr. Byington, the President of the Board responded in an eloquent manner.

Dear Brethren in Christ! I have a word of farewell salutation to utter to you, in behalf of the Board, and the churches of the land, which I utter with sincerest regard. We bless God that you have been permitted to come among us, that from your lips we have been informed of the wonderful works of the Lord in far-off and unknown lands.

I have no unmeaning compliments for I say, your presence has done good to us. We have been refreshed by your counsels and prayers—we have been delighted with the news you have told us—we have had sweet enjoyment in your Christian intercourse. Were we to consult our own feelings merely, and overlook, in our gratification, our duty to the heathen, we should desire you to remain with us. It would delight us to build for you tabernacles, that you might dwell among us. We should love to cherish you in your old age—love to be cheered by your voices. The church needs the stimulus of such a piety as is nourished amidst the toils and cares of the missionary life. But we will not withhold you. We remember the voice of God's Word which it speaks of the work of faith and the labor of love; we remember its promises to the faithful; and thinking of the end that so speedily will come to us all, we dare interpose no obstacle between you and your own crown. No. Go back to the heathen, to your toils and your sufferings. In the light of God's word, we can esteem it no hardship, but rather an honor.

When I think of the missionary's lot on its earthly side—when I recall its sufferings, its toils, its labors and exposures and deprivations, my sympathy rises almost to pity. I know it is hard to leave home and friends, kindred and society—the places where we have gone up to the house of God with his friends, and taken sweet counsel with the godly and the lovely. I know to leave the associations, interests and friendships of the life we are accustomed to, is a hardship. But, then, when I remember the precious and peculiar promises made to those who leave father or mother, or houses or lands, for the Gospel's sake—when I think of the glorious company into which you enter when you become a missionary—the society of the good, the heroic, the faithful, on earth and in heaven, with which you become identified—and the rewards which await you, all pity is lost in admiration. In view rather of the results and the rewards which repay the missionary's labors, I almost envy you your lot. It is more blessed to give than to receive—is our Lord's sublime utterance. It is blessed to receive: the gratitude which generosity calls forth, it is pleasant to feel; the sense of friendship and favor is agreeable. But giving calls into service the soul's more active powers—the highest sources of enjoyment are opened by the generosity which bestows it. Yes, it is more blessed to give than to receive; and so you find it. Of all the Christians I ever saw, none appear to me to be so happy as the pious missionary. God himself verifies the truth of the assertion—for the most benevolent Being in the universe, he is the happiest.

Now, brethren, as you go to your distant and solitary places of labor, bear back with you the sincere assurance of our confidence and love. Bear the remembrance of our prayers. Go with joy, in view of your companionship in this glorious work—for your Lord was a missionary—and of your reward which is at hand. Go, and the God of Jacob go with and bless you. Tell the far-off heathen that there are Christians in this land that love and pray for them. Tell the poor Indian in his despondency and sorrow, that there is hope for him—hope in God, in Christ, in the power of his grace and the fullness of his love. Go, laden with our blessings and sympathies, and toil on, cheered by the remembrance that you are cherished in our hearts, and borne upon our daily aspirations to the throne of God. Go—I will not say farewell; but God speed you!

The missionaries then joined in singing the doxology together, in eight different languages at the same time—the sentiment the same and the music the same, though the articulation was different. The effect was very impressive. With the usual and well-merited thanks to the people for their hospitality and kindness, the meeting was then brought to a close.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MADAME SONTAG.—We regret to find that the health of the great songstress has suffered severely by a foolish incident which has occurred since she came among us. Some musical people apparently wished to bring themselves into notice by giving Madame S. the compliment of a midnight serenade. A rival party of people, to defeat the project, rallied the mob on some absurd pretext, and there was great confusion, in which violent attempts were made to burst into the house. Madame S. became greatly alarmed by this barbarous proceeding, insomuch that her health has suffered, and she was absolutely prohibited by her physician from giving her first Concert, as proposed, on Monday night of this week. She hopes, however, to commence her regular series of performances on Monday evening next, when our people will have their first opportunity of listening to the legitimate "Queen of Song." Her evenings will be, until further notice, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Metropolitan Hall. We are mortified that the unfortunate commencement of her career should be produced by such a cause, and trust the brilliancy of the future may bury this poor affair in oblivion.

BARNES'S SERMON.—We have ascertained from the publishers of Mr. Barnes's Sermon before the General Assembly, that the first edition, of 1800 copies was all disposed of, the publishers just clearing their expenses, which was all they desired; and that they are now willing anybody should publish it who chooses, giving it entire; or they will reprint it for circulation, if 5000 copies are ordered at three cents each. Of the required number, 2000 are already ordered. We should think the remainder would soon be demanded, at that rate. Address Newman and Ivison, 199 Broadway, New York. Under the new postage law, they can be sent in parcels of 8 ounces, or more, by mail, for any distance, at half a cent per ounce, prepaid.

"WESTERN SIDE."—The *Michigan Christian Herald*, is publishing in numbers; a story, entitled "The Western Side; or Lights and Shadows of a Western Parish, by a Minister's Wife." Judging from the portions already given, its "shadows" threw Mrs. Phelps's "Sunny-side" quite into the shade. We hope to see it relieved by "lights" of grace and beauty as it advances, or its somber scenes of trial will too greatly deter our young ministers and their wives from venturing to try whether they can labor in Western fields.

GEOGRAPHICAL ROOMS.—M. J. Disturnell has issued a prospectus for the continuance of his "Geographical Rooms and Statistical Library," at 179 Broadway, for which he asks a subscription of $5 per annum. We think it a duty to suggest to those who may be called upon for their patronage, that before giving their subscription they should visit the rooms, and judge for themselves as to the probable value of the establishment, as a place of resort and library of reference.

CHEEVER.—"Voices of Nature to her Foster-child, the Soul of Man: a series of Analogies between the Natural and the Spiritual World. By the author of *A Reel in a Bottle*. Edited by Rev. Henry T. Cheever." Published by Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau-street. 12mo, pp. 430. Thedescriptive title-page sets forth, to the reading public, a good idea of the drift and worth of the book.

ECLIPSE OF FAITH.—"The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic." Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, and sold here by C. Scribner. 12mo, pp. 452.

DAILY SCRIPTURE READING.—Messrs. Carter & Brothers have sent us two volumes of commentaries on selected portions of Scripture, arranged with reference to daily perusal in connection with daily worship in the family.

1. "Daily Bible Illustrations: being Original Readings for a Year, on subjects of Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D.D. Evening Series—Isaiah and the Prophets." 12mo, pp. 418. Readings for thirteen weeks.
2. "Daily Commentary: a Practical Exposition of Select Portions of Scripture for every Morning and Evening throughout the Year. A Companion to Family Worship. By one hundred and eighty Clergymen of Scotland. 12mo, pp. 504.

This last is the companion to the book of prayers, "Family Worship, by one hundred and eighty Clergymen of Scotland," published last year in a separate volume by Messrs. Carter.

THE SEASONS.—A. S. Barnes & Co. have published an edition of "The Seasons. By James Thompson. With Critical Observations of various Authors on his Genius and Character; and Notes, explanatory and critical, by James Robert Boyd, editor of Paradise Lost and Young's Night Thoughts." 12mo. pp. 235. A little more cost in the paper would have greatly improved an edition otherwise very commendable.

THE ORIOLE.—"A Collection of Youthful Melodies for Sabbath-schools and Elementary Classes." By H. E. Mathews and J. Zundell. pp. 48. A very choice collection of pieces, to be followed by two others. A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers.

PRIMER.—"The School Primer, or Child's First Steps in Reading and Spelling, designed as an introductory to Parker's School Readers." Barnes & Co. 18 mo, pp. 68.

MAP OF NEW ENGLAND.—Sherman and Smith, 136 Broadway, have published an excellent traveler's Map of New England, with New York and Canadas "annexed," showing all the routes by railstage, railroad, and steamboat. Mr. J. Calvin Smith is a careful draftsman, and the map has been prepared with much care. Of course there must be some errors in what was made by erring men, but we have detected none.

MR. FRAZER'S CONGREGATION.—"Fashionable Religion Illustrated;" published at the Wesleyan Book Room, 9 Spruce-street.

PALESTINE.—"Map of Palestine in the time of the Savior." Published by the American S. S. Union. Very well arranged, and gives considerable topographical information.

## PAMPHLETS.

LAW AND TEMPERANCE.—The American Temperance Union have stereotyped and published Rev. Dr. Spears admirable Fourth of July discourse in favor of the Maine Law. 12 mo, pp. 24.

PRESBYTERIAN ALMANAC.—This family manual for 1853, is already issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, pp. 48. Contains 11 pages of reading matter and pictures, and 12 of statistics of the Old School Presbyterian Church and its Boards.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN.—Hon. Horace Mann's celebrated Lecture to the Mercantile Library Society has been published in neat 18 mo form, for gratuitous circulation. David Felt & Co., publishers; pp. 62.

MENTAL ALCHEMY.—"A Treatise on the Mind, Nervous System, Magnetism, Mesmerism, and Diseases." By B. Brown Williams, M.D. pp. 180.

KNICK.—If we had room, we should like to cull a few practical "similes" from the garden of sweets spread before us in the September number.

BLACKWOOD.—Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-street, have out the September number in good season. The first sentence shows that Maga does not flinch from striking a blow, because anybody is dead:

"JEFFREY.—It is well for the biography of Francis Jeffrey, that the late celebrated critic cannot possibly review it himself."

"Christopher under canvass" is getting rather more proxy than formerly. The political article treats of "the Premier's present position," without telling the poor Lord Derby how to alter it.

UNIVERSUM.—The monthly collection of engravings, the descriptions by Charles Dana, published by Meyer, William-street, improves as it advances, —giving objects of more interest, better engraved.

NORTON'S.—The "American Literary Gazette," published by C. B. Norton, 71 Chambers-street, is conducted with taste and industry, and very helpful to anyone who wishes to buy works, or desires to keep up with the issues of the American press.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—A Congregational Church (composed of about 20 members), was formed in the flourishing village of North Lawrence, N. Y., on the 17th inst., by council. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. P. C. Pettibone, of East Stockholm, from Psalms 118: 25, "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." Right hand of fellowship by Rev. E. Wood.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. Owen Street was installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Ansonia, Conn., on the evening of the 1st inst. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Strong, of New Haven, from Matt. 5: 13. This church, though organized but four or five years ago, has already erected a commodious and beautiful sanctuary; has enjoyed an interesting work of grace, and is even now numerous and firmly established. The village is rapidly growing, being fostered by various manufacturing interests. E. S.

ORDINATION.—Mr. Wm. C. Scofield, of Yale Theological Seminary, was ordained pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Danbury, Conn., on the 15th inst. Introductory services by Rev. S. S. Huntington, of Mill Plain; sermon and ordaining prayer by Rev. Rollin S Stone, of East Hampton, Mass.; charge to the pastor by Rev. D. P. Curtiss, of Brookfield; right hand of fellowship by Rev. S. G. Coe, of the 1st Church in Danbury; address to the people and concluding prayer by Rev. Lewis Pennell.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. Charles L. Mills was installed pastor of the Porter Evangelical church and society in Bridgewater, Aug. 14. Invocation and reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Packard of Yarmouth; introductory prayer by Rev. Mr. Terry of South Weymouth; sermon by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Braintree.

## FOREIGN.

The U. S. steamer Humboldt arrived on Saturday night, and the R. M. steamer Africa on Tuesday evening, the latter bringing news to Sept. 10th.

Statistical science in England has been called to mourn the loss of its two most able and devoted devotees, Joseph Fletcher and G. R. Porter—the latter the Secretary of the Board of Trade, and author of many valuable publications—especially the "Progress of the Nation."

The Cunard propellers for Chagres, in the new line to Australia, are to touch at Portland, Boston and New York, to accommodate the Canada trade.

An intelligent Englishman, most friendly to the United States, writes in a private letter his strong conviction that these two great nations have been egregiously *fooled* on the Fishing question, by taking their impressions from Mr. Webster's hasty letter, and the worst portion of the New York press. How has it turned out? That

Mr. Webster spoke without resorting to official documents, and the sour grapes squadron was actually left in front of Nova Scotia, that no *right* was disputed, and that the motive of action with our [British] government was the assumption of France and the evident ulterior objects of the French government. What we Englishmen felt was this—that if you were right, you could afford to be calm and dignified. The satanic war cry set up by some was most shocking and humiliating and disgraceful. * * * Our own government was condemned here."

## GENERAL NEWS.

*Australia.*—A Chamber of Commerce has been organized at Melbourne, the Chairman of which, W. Westgarth Esq., delivered the anniversary address, on the 1st of April. He notices the formation of similar institutions also at Sydney, Adelaide, Hobarttown, and Launceston. The exports of Victoria previous to 1850 were £15 per head, in 1851 they were £2,479,000, for a population of 82,000. He gives a graphic account of the discovery and occupancy of the gold fields, in August, 1851, first at Babrat, and now at Mount Alexander, where 50,000 persons are engaged at digging. The export of gold to April 1, 1852, from Victoria was 563,471 ounces. It is since greatly increased. The population of Victoria increased in five years, ending in 1851, from 32,979 to 77,345, equal to 135 per cent. Melbourne increased from 10,954 to 23,143, and Geelong from 2,005 to 8,291. The population of the three provinces, Victoria, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land,

## Editors' Cable.

AN EARNEST SEARCH FOR TRUTH, in a series of letters from a son to his father. By the Rev. L. A. Lowry. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The Rev. L. A. Lowry appears to have been born and nurtured in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, his father being a respected and somewhat distinguished minister of that body. The son having been "honored with one of the most important stations" in the gift of the Cumberland Presbyterians, saw fit to change his connections and to go over to the Old School Presbyterian Church. Hence this book of "letters from a son to his father." It is not a book of modest and filial self-defense, explaining respectfully the processes of thought by which the author was led to the adoption of new views; it is not a mere defense of Calvinism as understood and held by the sect in which he is now a minister; it makes offensive war as well as defensive, and in a style of vituperation which may be very effective in the regions where the book is expected to circulate, but which, we confess, does not command our admiration.

Our own knowledge of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is very limited. The denomination originated, we believe, a little less than fifty years ago. In a great revival of religion, some zealous preachers and laymen found the regulations of the Presbyterian book of discipline, particularly in regard to education for the ministry, too stringent and stiff for their views of what the exigency required. A certain presbytery in Kentucky, called the Cumberland Presbytery, was censured by the Synod for some irregularities of this description—irregularities somewhat resembling those of Wesley in the Church of England; and the censure, on appeal, was confirmed by the General Assembly. The result was, very naturally, the secession of the censured presbytery, and a new illustration of the efficacy of Presbyterian General Assemblies as a method of preventing divisions and terminating strifes.

From a very small beginning, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has grown to be one of the most considerable religious bodies of the Southwest. By their zealous labors for the promotion of religion, they have won for themselves an honorable place among the Protestant sects in that part of the country. We are not aware that any of their congregations are found farther east or north than western Pennsylvania. Their special vocation, as might have been expected from their origin, seems to be that of Christian pioneers. They were among the foremost to enter Texas with Christian influences, and to organize Christian institutions there. They have their General Assembly, with we know not how many synods and presbyteries. They have their colleges also, with their professors and their doctors of theology: and they seem disposed to do their part in the work of intellectual and moral advancement, throughout the region over which they have spread themselves.

In our own thoughts, we have been accustomed to regard the Cumberland Presbyterians as Evangelical Arminians, rather than as belonging to the Calvinist family of sects. We may have done them injustice in so thinking of them, for we must confess that we have never seen any of their books, and have never had the privilege of personal intercourse with any of their ministers or with anybody qualified to represent them. But the reports which have come to us touching their modifications of the system contained in the Westminster Confession, have led us to think that in their theology they are nearer to Wesleyanism than to Calvinism. Indeed we observe that the writer of this book, in all his zeal to make out a case against them, charges them with nothing worse than that they are almost as erroneous as the Methodists, and are likely to become in time no better than they. Suppose then that they are even now not a jot better than the Methodists in respect to doctrinal soundness—what do they hold?—what sort of a Gospel do they preach? Their Christianity takes for its starting point, the apostasy and universal ruin of the human race, the condemnation of every man as a sinner before the justice of God. They preach that God has introduced, unto this lost world, a redemptive system—expiation for sin by the humiliation and death of Christ the incarnate Godhead, and renovation to holiness by the work of the Holy Spirit. They preach the Gospel of "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." They insist on religion as a matter of personal experience. They are on the right side in the question between Christianity and Infidelity. They are on the right side in the question between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. They are on the right side in the question between the authority of the priest and the authority of the Bible. They are on the right side in the question between justification by outward and ceremonious works, and justification by a living and loving faith. They are on the right side in the conflict between the forces of organized Christianity on the one hand, and the combined strength of superstition, immorality and popular ignorance on the other. And we doubt not that, being right on these great questions, their progress will be toward the truth in other matters rather than away from it. We trust that the progress of intelligence in their churches, and of learning and theological study among their ministers, will gradually bring them off from their Arminianism, and will lead them to appreciate aright the doctrines which heretofore they have misunderstood, perhaps not wholly by their own fault. Meanwhile we think that the "Board of Publication" might invest its funds more advantageously for the common cause than in printing and distributing just such books as this.

THE SCOTS WORTHIES: By John Howie of Lochgoin. Illustrated. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1853.

This interesting book is a well known fire-side volume in Scotland. It contains a brief historical account of the most eminent noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, who testified or suffered for the cause of Reformation in Scotland from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the year 1688. It is prefaced by a life of John Howie the author, and opens with an Historical Introduction concerning the progress of Christianity in Scotland from the earliest period. It contains sixty-seven biographical sketches, commencing with the martyr names of Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart. Howie, the author, was a plain farmer at Lochgoin, where his ancestors had lived more than six hundred years, and were among the sufferers for truth in the times of the Covenanters. All these biographical articles embody most important facts, principles and narratives; and in the case of John Knox the memoir is extended to a work of ninety pages. The volume is a most valuable series of living chapters in the Church History of Scotland, and has been long popular with all classes of the community, but especially fascinating to the Scottish peasantry. Such books produce impressions in the heart of a nation never to be removed, and of a depth, fervor, and exalting power, that renders them a most precious heirloom of homely native literature.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE: From the sounds of the Animated World. With curious and interesting illustrations. By William Gardiner. Boston: Wilkins, Rice & Kendall. 1852.

This is a curious and interesting work, which was first published in England in 1832, and again in Boston in 1837. The author describes it as an attempt to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, and performing upon musical instruments, is derived from the sounds of the animated world. It is evidently the fruit of much acute observation and analysis, and presents a great many suggestive, entertaining, and curious facts. Where the author has had to rely upon travelers, he is not always perfectly accurate; as in the following amusing instance, where he says that "probably the most appalling sound in nature is that of the Falls of Niagara, where the waters of the river St. Lawrence are tumbled into a deep abyss *a mile in width*, the roar of which may be heard at the distance of forty miles!"

THE GROWTH OF SOCIETY AS AFFECTING THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY. By William Withington. Boston: Abner Forbes. 1851.

This little book is by a thinker. He apologizes for any defect which criticism may discover "as to such minor considerations as logical arrangement and the niceties of style," by intimating that his hands "have been necessitated to guide the plough oftener than the pen through the best years of life;" yet he is not a rude and untaught thinker, he is a scholar with a mind enriched with the results of other men's studies.

The compressed essence of the book is thus set forth in the preface. "Mainly, political wisdom is the management of self-love; civilization is the cultivation of self-love; the exercescences of civilization are the false refinements of self-love; while unselfish love is substantial virtue,—the end of the commandments,—the fulfilling of the law." Yet, to one who has not read the book with some attention, this condensed formula will give no adequate notion of what the book itself contains. Indeed it is written throughout with so much compression of thought, that a satisfactory outline of it can hardly be given. Instead of attempting any analysis, we prefer to enrich this column with a few selected quotations.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN INTELLECTUAL CULTURE AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

"Macaulay remarks, that the Jesuits seem to have solved the problem, how far intellectual culture may be carried, without producing intellectual emancipation. I suppose it would be only varying the expression of his thought to say, Jesuitical education strikingly exemplifies, how much intellectual culture may be superinduced upon the mind, without awakening intellectual life—without developing a spontaneous aptness to appreciate, seek, find, embrace the truth. The head is filled with the thoughts of others—many ascertained facts and just conclusions. It can reason aright in the circles of thought where it has been trained to move; but elsewhere, no spontaneous activity—no self-directed power of thinking justly on new emergencies and questions not yet settled by rule—no spring within from which living waters flow."

ORIGINAL THINKERS, AND THE GENERAL PROGRESS OF THOUGHT.

"The so-called independent and original thinkers—leaders of public sentiment—are such as anticipate by a little the general progress of thought, as our hill-tops catch first by a little the beams of the rising sun, before they fill the intervening valleys. * * * One familiar with the history of thought, may pronounce, with moral certainty, that such and such ideas were never entertained in such or such society, where due preparation did not exist. As we may confidently say, No mountain-top can tower high enough to catch the sunbeams at midnight; with equal confidence we may say of many ideas now familiar as school-boy truths, No intellect in ancient Greece or Rome soared high enough above the mass to grasp them."

HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE.

"There is much fruitless haste to bring the world to rights, for want of a lively belief in a sovereign controlling Power; whose wisdom, whose goodness, whose resources, whose interest, to bring the world to order and happiness, infinitely transcend ours. Thus is missed the conclusion, If He can endure to see the stream of evil flow on age after age, then discretion would set some bounds to our zeal to see all evil rectified."

THE NEXT AGE.

"The materialism of this age must pass away, as has passed the quixotism of the crusades. Each has but expressed a stage in the progress of thought; and neither measures the mature life of the soul. It is not so certain to sight, what will be next grasped by this reaching onward to the things before; whether a better reconcilement of the life that now is with that which is to come, or whether a vaporing, misty sentimentalism is to be the spirit of the next age. There are not wanting indications that the materialism of the day will be followed by a dreamy spiritualism, raising men above the observance of vulgar duties, but not above the practice of the grossest vices."

THE PULPIT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"We mourn the waning influence of the American pulpit. Where the power thence emanating in the stirring days of trial to men's souls,—when its ministers stood on that commanding point where they caught the first beams of rising day, and reflected the light in the face of the people? At our revolutionary period, ministers in their earnestness to preach to the times, might have come short in preaching to eternity. So far there was a mistake to be rectified; but they did well to preach to the times. It is among the reasons why religion is so tempered political zeal; and, accordingly, why as our Revolution *was* without a model, so it *remains* without a rival. It is well that the struggle came, before the toad-eaters to capital's fool agents in legislative halls occupied the high seats of moral influence."

NEAR HOME: Or the countries of Europe described. With anecdotes and numerous illustrations. By the author of The Story of Mary, Linn and Linc, and other works. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1853.

This is a simple, instructive, pleasant book for young children, communicating a great deal of information about the countries of Europe.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: Bartlett's Acoustics and Optics. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1852.

This is a very important volume, by the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at West Point. It is drawn from the most recent works and discoveries in these branches of science, and the labors of Herschel, Brewster and others have been freely made use of for the compilation of a valuable text book. The work is beautifully printed and executed.

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE: Edited by Lucius E. Smith. With an Introduction by Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D. Hartford: P. Brockett & Co. 1852.

This work contains a record of the lives and labors of twenty-eight missionaries, with an Historical View of Earlier Missions. Each article, in the words of Dr. Sprague, in his excellent Introductory Essay, presents, "in an impressive manner, an exalted character, and a useful life." It is a truly valuable work. The friends of missions will be instructed, encouraged, and animated by it. The historical and biographical information conveyed in it is important and interesting; and it furnishes at once materials of holy excitement and zeal, and lessons of experience and wisdom.

For the Independent.

## COLPORTAGE IN OHIO.

One of the Tract Society's colporteurs, operating in central Ohio, writes: "I entered a comfortable farm-house, and found the mistress, an elderly woman, busy at the spinning-wheel. She kindly asked me to take a chair—which I often have to take unasked—and opening my books, I began to talk about them, and inquired if she did not want some. She said she had 'no *money to buy books with.*' 'Here's Baxter's Saints' Rest,' said I, 'an excellent book that all Christians like; it will cost you only forty cents.' 'Yes, but I *don't think* I have any money to-day.' Taking up a copy of Flavel on Keeping the Heart, I said, 'And here is a good little volume that will cost you only fifteen cents; let me read you something from it.' Reading a few sentences aloud, I added, 'There, madam, is a little book that will please you and do you good, too.' 'I think I must have that book, if I can find change enough.' She bought the book, and was glad to get it.

"No half the people have any idea of the real character of the books I offer them. When I tell them, 'I have books of the American Tract Society,' they often say, 'What's the price of it?' When asked if they belong to any church, hundreds say, 'Well, I don't know; I used to, before we moved up here'; or, 'I've not been to meeting for so long that I don't know whether they have crossed off my name or not.' And three-fourths of their more enlightened and pious neighbors, when inquired of concerning the spiritual condition and prospects of these people, say, 'Oh, it's no use to go there; they don't care anything about books'; or, 'I guess they can't read—any of them'; or, 'they are Universalists; you won't sell anything there.' And if inquiries are pressed, the truth will come out that *they* have taken no interest in the spiritual welfare of these neighbors, and often know but little concerning them.

"Judging from personal observation, my opinion is that not one family in six among professors of religion, where I have recently labored, attend to family worship. And, allow me to add, these are the very people whose 'church organization affords them so many privileges that they do not need any other help.' Meeting a couple of their preachers, I handed Baxter's Reformed Pastor to one of them, saying, I should be glad to supply him with a copy, if he had none. He took the book, and drawing his glasses down very gravely, looking earnestly at the title, said, 'Baxter's Reformed Pastor—*O! it's a kind of novel, is it?* The other one, coming in, looked at it a moment and threw it down, saying, 'We've had that in our Book Concern for years.'

"The question is often asked, 'Do the Quakers buy your books?' They do—many of them quite freely. One of their preachers accompanied me in visiting all the families in the village where he lived."

In two months and a half, ending August 31st, this colporteur reached 820 families at their own homes, sold more than a thousand volumes, and distributed gratuitously forty-five thousand pages of books and tracts. W. S.

For the Independent.

## THE BANKER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

How pleasant 'tis when I can say,
My work is done, 'tis Saturday,
My cash is settled, letters done,
My duties finished, every one.
'Tis passing sweet to us cashiers,
Whose labor circles with the years,
To close the Bank and turn the keys,
Then close the week with books and ease.

We read of one, and him we thank,
Who years ago first closed a Bank;
Rebuked cashiers, their desks o'erthrew,
And drove them out with whip-cord too.
I often think of this in church,
When for my wandering thoughts I search;
I find them deep in moneyed schemes,
In dividends, or golden dreams;
I start! my sin is just the same
As that of old, though not in name;
I sin as much with moneyed thought,
As did the Jews of old, who brought
Their desks within the temple's range,
And shaved the green ones making change;
And should I suffer whips of cord,
I should but suffer just reward.
Yes, turn all thoughts of loss and gain
From out the place where God should reign;
Nor let such thoughts with footsteps rude
Upon your Sabbath hours intrude.

But stop! there is *one* mighty trade,
The thought of which may well invade
And fill your mind, while in the place
Where prayers address the Throne of Grace.
This is the bargain: Tell, who can,
What would it profit any man,
If he were now to gain the whole
Of this vast world, and lose his soul?
Christ puts the question; weigh it well;
What gain?—the *loss*, ah! who can tell?
Ye bankers, merchants, ponder deep,
Decide this question ere you sleep;
Which shall be yours—this total loss,
Or free salvation through the Cross?

B.
MASSACHUSETTS.

## The Missionary's Call.

Many of our readers have read some stirring lines under this title, written by Rev. N. Brown, Baptist Missionary to Assam, and son of the excellent Mrs. Brown of Monson, who wrote the hymn—

"I love to steal awhile away."

Mr. Brown, in a late letter dated Libragor, Jan. 20, 1852, which we find in the *New York Recorder*, sends a correct copy of the lines with the following account of their origin and history:

"It was first published by me in the *Vermont Telegraph*, in the year 1831, under the title of 'The Missionary.' I wrote the article while at Williams College, about the year 1826, and forwarded it to the editors of the Baptist Magazine, in Boston, but it was not inserted. After publishing it in the *Telegraph*, I did not notice that it was copied in any of the exchange papers: but some time afterwards I learned that it had been quoted in full at the end of an article written by a student of Princeton; and I believe it was by means of this article that the piece first acquired attention. It has been attributed to various persons, and was claimed by a late esteemed missionary brother for his first wife, on the ground of its being found among her papers after her death: but I am not aware that any individual besides myself has ever professed to be the writer.

"I am much pleased with the manner in which the words have been set to music, in the form of a chant, which I had the privilege of hearing a few days ago from our newly arrived missionary friends.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or to pluck up flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go, teach all nations," from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air, and bears me my car.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,
And every tie that binds my heart
To thee, my native land. Thy should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I saw
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it his design,
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray God fit me for the work;
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done—
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this:
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned—
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he has for me
Should ever reach that blissful shore, oh, how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of my years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall regret
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

### Our Rest.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us."

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over the rough road and up the steep hill-side;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
Oh! city of our God, I fain would rest—
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in Heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety and scorn upon the earth;
Oh! city of our God, within thy walls
Ah! shall no clothèd ingoin with thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, staining still again—
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Savior, it is free from stain?

Patience, poor soul, the Savior's feet were worn;
The Savior's heart and hands were weary, too;
His garments stained, and soiled, and worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
Oh! city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—home of the loved and blest.

### Genuine Hymns.

One of the editors of the *Christian Inquirer*, of this city, during his late rustication in Berkshire, wrote the following bold rebuke against the "pernicious custom" of mutilating and altering the old hymns of our language:

"There is one pernicious custom which has found its way even to the tops of these mountains—that of modernizing the hymns. We turned over the hymn book, but could not find one which rose above the dead level of leaden dullness. Doubtless there were some grains of gold, but who wants to poke after them amongst all this sand and rubbish? We poked some time, but found nothing. We wish our orthodox neighbors would consider it a matter of church discipline when they find their young poets fresh from college undertaking to patch up or set aside Watts, Doddridge and Cowper. Do they mean really to cut themselves off from their noble inheritance of sacred song? We laid down this compound of bad sentiment and bad poetry, and betook ourselves to hunting up some copy of the old edition of Watts by Dr. Dwight, which was used here in our boyhood, and whose trumpet-voices were yet ringing through our memory. At length we found one in an old lady's cupboard, and having exhumed it and brushed it from its dust and cobwebs, we turned eagerly to 'the everlasting song'—the closing hymn of the collection—commencing with the stanza:

'Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies,'—

and proceeding in a strain of the tenderest melody which always impressed our youthful heart and fancy as one of the airs of Paradise. Then we turned to 'A warning to wicked magistrates,'—a blast from the trumpet of Sinai—worthy of the days when the Puritan 'shook thrones of wicked kings, and cut their cords of strength asunder,' and which we think ought to be sung into the ears of this nation till they hear it and tingle. We wish we could quote it, but the good old lady, much to her credit, would not have the old hymn book carried off. But the 'Eighteenth Psalm' we carried off long ago, for it would not out of our memory. When we studied Blair we used to compare Homer's description of the gods descending from Olympus in the 20th book of the Iliad, with David's description of Jehovah descending from the skies, and admire the immeasurable superiority of the sacred minstrel. Here are the stanzas—still extant in the old hymn book:

'To earth He came. The Heavens before Him bowed,
Beneath his feet deep midnight stretched her shroud:
Cherubic hosts his sun-bright chariot form,
His wings the whirlwind and his voice the storm;
Around his ear thick clouds their curtains spread,
And wrapped the concave in a boundless shade.

'Before his path overwhelming splendors came,
The clouds dissolved—all nature felt the flame;
From his dread throne a voice in thunder broke,
The wide world trembled when the Eternal spoke;
His foes to vanquish, angry blasts conspire,
Showers of dread hail and coals of burning fire.

'Through the vast void, his arrows winged their way,
His lightnings blazed insufferable day;
His garments stained, and soiled, and worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
Oh! city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—home of the loved and blest.

### Genuine Hymns.

One of the editors of the *Christian Inquirer*, of this city, during his late rustication in Berkshire, wrote the following bold rebuke against the "pernicious custom" of mutilating and altering the old hymns of our language:

"There is one pernicious custom which has found its way even to the tops of these mountains—that of modernizing the hymns. We turned over the hymn book, but could not find one which rose above the dead level of leaden dullness. Doubtless there were some grains of gold, but who wants to poke after them amongst all this sand and rubbish? We poked some time, but found nothing. We wish our orthodox neighbors would consider it a matter of church discipline when they find their young poets fresh from college undertaking to patch up or set aside Watts, Doddridge and Cowper. Do they mean really to cut themselves off from their noble inheritance of sacred song? We laid down this compound of bad sentiment and bad poetry, and betook ourselves to hunting up some copy of the old edition of Watts by Dr. Dwight, which was used here in our boyhood, and whose trumpet-voices were yet ringing through our memory. At length we found one in an old lady's cupboard, and having exhumed it and brushed it from its dust and cobwebs, we turned eagerly to 'the everlasting song'—the closing hymn of the collection—commencing with the stanza:

'Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies,'—

and proceeding in a strain of the tenderest melody which always impressed our youthful heart and fancy as one of the airs of Paradise. Then we turned to 'A warning to wicked magistrates,'—a blast from the trumpet of Sinai—worthy of the days when the Puritan 'shook thrones of wicked kings, and cut their cords of strength asunder,' and which we think ought to be sung into the ears of this nation till they hear it and tingle. We wish we could quote it, but the good old lady, much to her credit, would not have the old hymn book carried off. But the 'Eighteenth Psalm' we carried off long ago, for it would not out of our memory. When we studied Blair we used to compare Homer's description of the gods descending from Olympus in the 20th book of the Iliad, with David's description of Jehovah descending from the skies, and admire the immeasurable superiority of the sacred minstrel. Here are the stanzas—still extant in the old hymn book:

'To earth He came. The Heavens before Him bowed,
Beneath his feet deep midnight stretched her shroud:
Cherubic hosts his sun-bright chariot form,
His wings the whirlwind and his voice the storm;
Around his ear thick clouds their curtains spread,
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'Before his path overwhelming splendors came,
The clouds dissolved—all nature felt the flame;
From his dread throne a voice in thunder broke,
The wide world trembled when the Eternal spoke;
His foes to vanquish, angry blasts conspire,
Showers of dread hail and coals of burning fire.

'Through the vast void, his arrows winged their way,
His lightnings blazed insufferable day;
Oppressed, o'erthrown, or banished from the plain,
Fled his pale foes, or strewed the fields with slain;
The affrighted deep, its secret channels showed,
And earth's disclosed foundations owned her God.'
—*Psalms* xviii. 9–15.

### Another Warning to Protestant Parents.

Many examples of the evil results of Protestant parents sending their children to schools taught by Romanists have already been published. The last number of the *Louisville Christian Advocate* furnishes the following additional one:—

Not very far from this city there lives an opulent and distinguished Protestant family, celebrated alike for its hospitality and its wealth. The parents of this family, under the influence of the strange delusion which so commonly prevails, that Roman Catholic schools are the most learned and safe institutions among us for the education of youth, consigned, a year or two since, their lovely young daughter to the nuns and priests of a neighboring seminary for her mental training. Believing that the pledge of the principals of the school would be kept, that her religious sentiments and feelings should not be tampered with, they rested in the false security that all was right with their beloved child. A few weeks ago she returned home from the seminary, sick unto death. The family physician, who had been called in, announced to the distressed father that their child must die. Then came the test of Roman Catholic fidelity in the keeping of Protestant pledges. The venerable minister of the family was prevailed upon by young lady as a spiritual comforter in her last hours, but to the amazement of the family, the dying girl peremptorily refused his visitation, and demanded that a Roman Catholic priest should be sent for. She said she would receive the consolations of religion only from him, declaring at the same time, that all else besides the Catholics were heretics, and were consigned to perdition. "Where did you hear that?" said the father. "I was taught it at the school," murmured the poor girl. The father bit his lip as the conviction of the truth flashed across his mind, but it was too late now, the deed was done, and could not be remedied. Under the circumstances, they were compelled to yield to the wishes of their daughter, and thus a Roman Catholic priest was introduced into the chamber of a dying Protestant girl, who, probably, was as ill-prepared, that last hour, for the experimental religion of the Bible and the kingdom of heaven, as the horse he rode was with the paths of Egypt and the kingdom of the Pharaohs. Protestants (and some Methodists too), what think you of patronizing Catholic schools?

### One Sin too Many.

A FACT FOR HALF-AWAKENED SINNERS.

There is an old Grecian legend, which teaches that there was once a diver who boasted of his skill in bringing up treasures from the sea. To test his powers, the people threw many a silver cup and many a golden coin into water nine fathoms deep. And the bold diver brought them to the surface with triumph. But one day a disguised fiend threw a tiniest coin into a whirlpool, and challenged the confident diver to bring it up; promising him, if he succeeded, the richest pearl he wear it, and to transmit it to his children. Down he sprang after the bauble; but the NEREIDS of the sea, hearing the clangor of the crown when it fell upon their grottoes, closed around him as he was grasping the prize, and held him fast until he perished.

Thus reads the fable. But its moral teaches that the most daring may dare once too often—that folly, though long successful, will plunge its victim into ruin at last. A lesson worthy of the careful study of partially awakened sinners, as may be seen by the following fact:

A young man, of fine talents, was present one evening at the house of God in during an interesting revival. Several of his old companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experiences. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions, and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to see him self so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the word of God. He felt a motion, almost irrepressible, to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who bowed before the altar. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the worldly! He kept his seat, therefore, soothing his conscience by a resolve—firm and irrevocable, as he persuaded himself—to return home at the close of the service, and seek the pardon of his sins alone, in the solitude of his chamber. With this purpose, he left his pew at the close of the services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the doorsteps he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasure for an hour or two that night; they begged him to join them.

"No," said he, faintly: "I think not, to-night."

They gazed in his face earnestly, and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernible, even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed in a taunting tone of voice, "What! are you going to be religious, too?"

He had spoken was his friend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half-awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity, he burst into a loud laugh, assured them he was not serious, accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth his sins held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months, he died an impenitent sinner!

How fared it with his *one* act of resistance to the Holy Spirit. Had he yielded and taken his place at the altar, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often. The tinsel crown of human approval led him, like the diver, to a fatal leap, and he perished. Awakened sinner, beware! You too may sin once too often!—*Zion's Herald.*

### Kite-Flying in China.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfill.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school:—
Not mine the scornful mood;—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though perchance the Cricketer,
Or Chinaman that flies
His Dragon-kites with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise,
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy,
That made it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers,
As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the noon has pass'd
To brave the touch of Time—
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime—
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart;—
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;—
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can!

Louis XIV., when in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction, exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainbleau?"

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—A marriage was solemnized in this county a short time ago, by means which are now rare in Scotland. The parties desirous of becoming one, waited upon a clergyman residing in a neighboring town, for the purpose of having the usual rites performed. On being asked for the necessary certificates, known as the "lines," it was discovered that these were not to be had, and in consequence, the clergyman declined to officiate. Entreaty and remonstrance were expended in vain, and the couple were at length obliged to depart as they came. Although foiled in this attempt, they were by no means discouraged, as their after-proceedings will testify. On the following Sabbath, they went to the church together. At the conclusion of divine service, and before the blessing was pronounced, the resolute pair stood up in the body of the church, and amid an ill-suppressed titter on the part of the congregation, declared themselves married; and having taken all present as witnesses to the compact, the happy couple forthwith departed, apparently quite satisfied of having accomplished their object.—*Elgin Courier.*

YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:

"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would this moment give half the reputation I have with the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."


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